			DATE TAKEN

SADDLE AND SONG

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THE GATE

From a painting by H. Hardy

SADDLE AND SONG

A COLLECTION OF VERSES MADE AT WARRENTON, VA., DURING THE WINTER OF 1904—1905

Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum

VERGIL, *Æneid*, viii. 596

329089

PHILADELPHIA AND LONDON

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

1905

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PREFACE

MANY people owe a larger share of the pleasures which life has afforded to the good horses that have carried them either on the road or over the country. Others who have had sterner conditions to confront often would have failed in important accomplishments but for the generous aid of some stout-hearted horse. All of these might pass a pleasant moment or two and recall some stirring scenes in the occasional perusal of well-told stories of good gallops. Even the less fortunate, who have never felt beneath them the power and rhythm of a horse's stride, will not deny that the horse has well earned the place he holds in song and story. Thus it is believed there will be many to welcome such a collection of verses as has been attempted in these pages. No claim is made to have exhausted the literature of the English language on this subject, but it is hoped that sufficient variety, in respect to the types of horses and the tasks accomplished by them, has been offered to enable those who may read, each to find some horse to his liking or the story of a gallant effort that must command his admiration.

In making a general acknowledgment of the courtesy of authors and owners of copyrights in permitting the publication of poems written or controlled by them, regret must be expressed that it has not been possible to include in the collection any satisfactory pieces describing the prowess of the "cow pony" of the western

plains. Very little good material could be found, and, unfortunately, the few poems selected were eventually rendered unavailable by copyright difficulties.

The authors and owners of copyrights to whom acknowledgments are due for their courtesy in permitting re-publications are as follows:

Mr. Rudyard Kipling, for his "Ballad of East and West;" General Sir Ian Hamilton, for "Hadji and the Boar;" Mr. W. Phillpotts Williams, for two poems, "There's Life in the Old Horse Yet" and "The Race of the Year;" Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., the authorized publishers of Bret Harte's works, for "Chiquita;" The Whitaker & Ray Co. for two poems from the complete poetical works of Joaquin Miller, "Vaquero" and "Kit Carson's Ride;" and Doubleday, Page & Co. for "The Groom's Story" from A. Conan Doyle's "Songs of Action;" Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. for Browning's "Muleykeh" and "How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix;" Messrs. Macmillan & Co. for Charles Kingsley's "Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorrèe."

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Hast thou given the horse strength?
Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?

Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper?
The glory of his nostrils is terrible.

He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength:
He goeth on to meet the armed men.

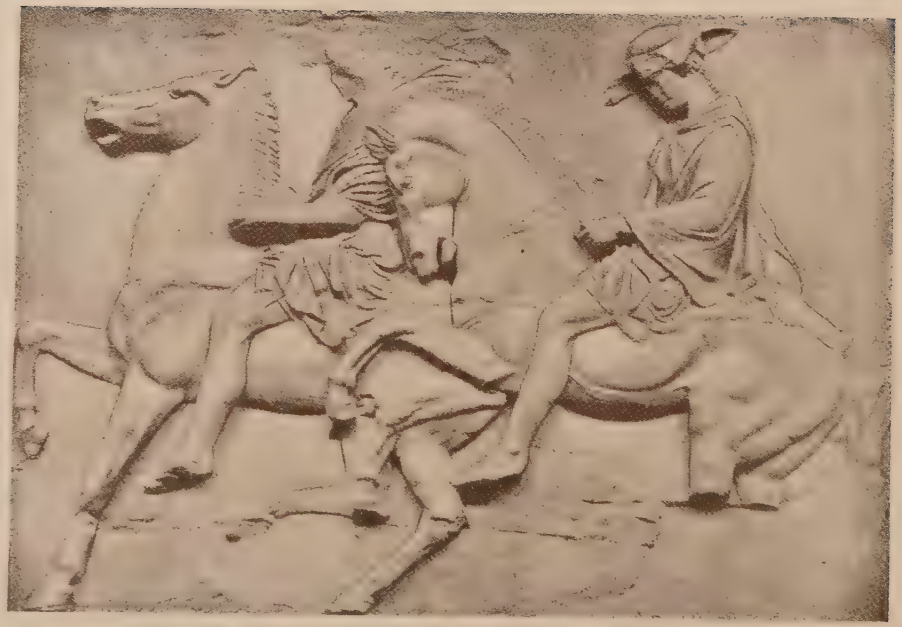
He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted;
Neither turneth he back from the sword.

The quiver rattleth against him,
The glittering spear and the shield.

He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage:
Neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet.

He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha;
And he smelleth the battle afar off,
The thunder of the captains, and the shouting.

Job, Chap. xxxix., 19–25.



GREEK HORSES

From the frieze of the Parthenon

ALEXANDER TAMING BUCEPHALUS

"Bring forth the steed!" It was a level plain
Broad and unbroken as the mighty sea,
When in their prison caves the winds lie chained.
There Philip sat, pavilioned from the sun;
There, all around, thronged Macedonia's hosts,
Bannered and plumed and armed—a vast array.
There too among an undistinguished crowd,
Distinguished not himself by pomp, or dress,
Or any royal sign, save that he wore
A god-like aspect like Olympian Jove,
And perfect grace and dignity,—a youth,—
A simple youth scarce sixteen summers old,
With swift impatient step walked to and fro.
E'en from their monarch's throne, they turned to view—
Those countless congregations,—that young form;
And when he cried again, "Bring forth the steed!"
Like thunder rolled the multitudinous shout
Along the heavens,—"Live, Alexander!"

Then Philip waved his sceptre,—silence fell
O'er all the plain.—'Twas but a moment's pause,
While every gleaming banner, helm, and spear
Sunk down like ocean billows, when the breeze
First sweeps along and bends their silvery crests.
Ten thousand trumpets rung amid the hail
Of armies, as in victory,—"Live the King!"

And Philonicus, the Pharsalian, kneeled:
From famous Thessaly a horse he brought,
A matchless horse. Vigor and beauty strove
Like rival sculptors carving the same stone
To win the mastery; and both prevailed.
His hoofs were shod with swiftness; where he ran
Glided the ground like water; in his eye
Flashed the strange fire of spirits still untamed,
As when the desert owned him for its lord.
Mars! What a noble creature did he seem!
Too noble for a subject to bestride,—
Worth gold in talents; chosen for a prince,
The most renowned and generous on earth.

"Obey my son, Pharsalian! bring the steed!"
The Monarch spoke. A signal to the grooms,
And on the plain they led Bucephalus.
"Mount, vassal, mount! Why pales thy cheek with fear?
Mount—ha! art slain? Another! mount again!"
'Twas all in vain.—No hand could curb a neck
Clothed with such might and grandeur, to the rein:
No thong or spur could make his fury yield.—
Now bounds he from the earth; and now he rears,
Now madly plunges, strives to rush away,
Like that strong bird—his fellow, king of air!

"Quick, take him hence," cried Philip; "he is wild!"
"Stay, father, stay!—lose not this gallant steed,
For that base grooms cannot control his ire!
Give me the bridle!" Alexander threw
His light cloak from his shoulders, and drew nigh.

ALEXANDER TAMING BUCEPHALUS

The brave steed was no courtier: prince and groom
Bore the same mien to him.—He started back,
But with firm grasp the youth retained and turned
His fierce eyes from his shadow to the sun,
Then with that hand, in after years which hurled
The bolts of war among embattled hosts:
Conquered all Greece, and over Persia, swayed
Imperial command,—which on Fame's Temple
Graved, *Alexander, Victor of the World!*—
With that same hand he smoothed the flowing mane,
Patted the glossy skin with soft caress,
Soothingly speaking in low voice the while.
Lightly he vaulted to his first great strife.
How like a Centaur looked the youth and steed!
Firmly the hero sat; his glowing cheek
Flushed with the rare excitement; his high brow
Pale with a stern resolve; his lip as smiling
And his glance as calm, as if, in dalliance,
Instead of danger, with a girl he played.
Untutored to obey, how raves the steed!
Champing the bit, and tossing the white foam,
And struggling to get free, that he might dart,
Swift as an arrow from the shivering bow—
The rein is loosened. "Now, Bucephalus!"
Away—away! he flies; away—away!
The multitude stood hushed in breathless awe,
And gazed into the distance.
Lo! a speck,—
A darksome speck on the horizon! 'Tis—
'Tis he! Now it enlarges: now are seen
The horse and rider; now, with ordered pace,
The horse approaches, and the rider leaps

Down to the earth and bends his rapid pace
Unto the King's pavilion.—The wild steed
Unled, uncalled, is following his subduer.

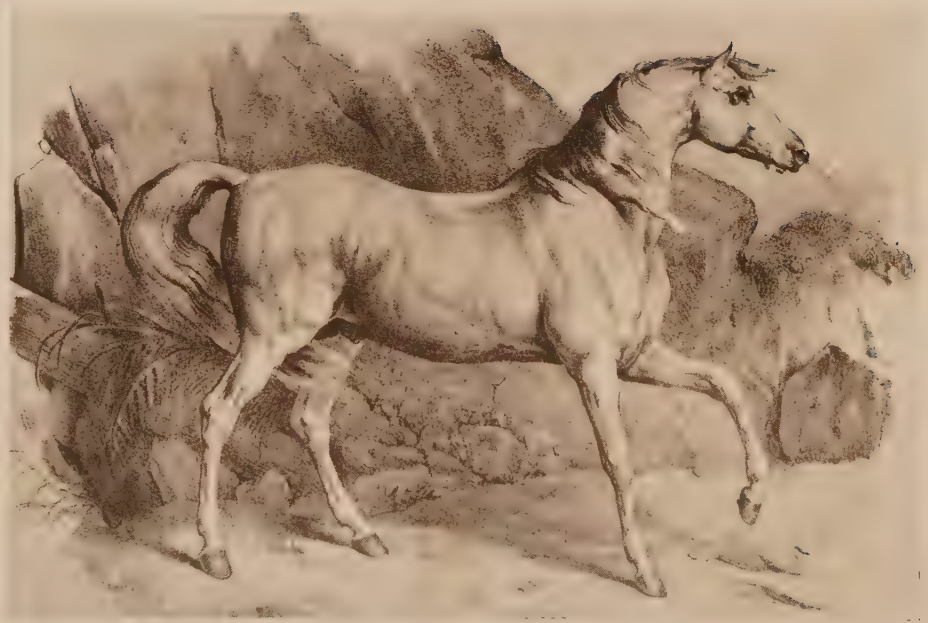
Philip wept tears of joy; "My son, go seek
A larger empire; for so vast a soul,
Too small is Macedonia!"

Park Benjamin.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life,
In limning out a well-proportioned steed,
His art with nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed;
So did this horse excel a common one,
In shape, in courage, color, pace, and bone.

Round-hoof'd, short-joined, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostrils wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide:
Look what a horse should have he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

William Shakespeare.



ADONIS

From a drawing by V. A. Taw

THE BLOOD HORSE

Gamarra is a dainty steed,
Strong, black, and of a noble breed,
Full of fire, and full of bone,
With all his line of fathers known;
Fine his nose, his nostrils thin,
But blown abroad by the pride within!
His mane is like a river flowing,
And his eyes like embers glowing
In the darkness of the night,
And his pace as swift as light.

Look, how 'round his straining throat
Grace and shifting beauty float;
Sinewy strength is in his reins,
And the red blood gallops through his veins,
Richer, redder, never ran
Though the boasting heart of man.
He can trace his lineage higher
Than the Bourbon dare aspire,—
Douglas, Guzman, or the Guelph,
Or O'Brien's blood itself!

He, who hath no peer, was born,
Here, upon a red March morn;
But his famous fathers dead
Were Arabs all, and Arab bred,

THE BLOOD HORSE

And the last of that great line
Trod like one of a race divine!
And yet he was but friend to one
Who fed him at the set of sun,
By some lone fountain fringed with green;
With him a roving Bedouin
He lived (none else would he obey
Through all the hot Arabian day),
And died untamed upon the sands
Where Balkh amidst the desert stands!

Barry Cornwall.

MULÉYKEH

If a stranger passed the tent of Hóseyn, he cried
"A churl's!"
Or haply "God help the man who has neither salt nor bread!"
"Nay," would a friend exclaim, "he needs nor pity nor scorn
More than who spends small thought on the shore-sand, picking pearls,
Holds but in light esteem the seed-sort, bears instead
On his breast a moon-like prize, some orb which of night makes morn.

"What if no flocks and herds enrich the son of Sinán?
They went when his tribe was mulct, ten thousand camels the due,
Blood-value paid perforce for a murder done of old.
'God gave them, let them go! But never since time began,
Muléykeh, peerless mare, owned master the match of you,
And you are my prize, my Pearl: I laugh at men's land and gold!'

"So in the pride of his soul laughs Hóseyn—and right, I say.
Do the ten steeds run a race of glory? Outstripping all,
Ever Muléykeh stands first steed at the victor's staff.

Who started, the owner's hope, gets shamed and named,
that day.
' Silence, or, last but one, is ' The Cuffed,' as we used
to call
Whom the paddock's lord thrusts forth. Right,
Hóseyn, I say, to laugh!' "

" Boasts he Muléykeh the Pearl?" the stranger replies:
" Be sure
On him I waste nor scorn nor pity, but lavish both
On Duhl the son of Sheybán, who withers away in
heart
For envy of Hóseyn's luck. Such sickness admits no
cure.
A certain poet has sung, and sealed the same with an
oath,
' For the vulgar-flocks and herds! The Pearl is a
prize apart.' "

Lo, Duhl, the son of Sheybán comes riding to Hóseyn's
tent,
And he casts his saddle down, and enters and
" Peace!" bids he.
" You are poor, I know the cause: my plenty shall
mend the wrong.
'Tis said of your Pearl—the price of a hundred camels
spent
In her purchase were scarce ill paid: such prudence is
far from me
Who proffer a thousand. Speak! Long parley may
last too long."

MULÉYKEH

Said Hóseyn " You feed young beasts a many, of famous breed,
Slit-eared, unblemished, fat, true offspring of Múzennem:
There stumbles no weak-eyed she in the line as it climbs the hill.
But I love Muléykeh's face: her forefront whitens indeed
Like a yellowish wave's cream-crest. Your camels—go gaze on them!
Her fetlock is foam-splashed too. Myself am the richer still."

A year goes by: lo, back to the tent again rides Duhl.
" You are open-hearted, ay—moist-handed, a very prince.
Why should I speak of sale? Be the mare your simple gift!
My son is pined to death for her beauty: my wife prompts ' Fool,
Beg for his sake the Pearl! Be God the rewarder, since
God pays debts seven for one: who squanders on Him shows thrift.' "

Said Hóseyn " God gives each man one life, like a lamp, then gives
That lamp due measure of oil: lamp lighted—hold high, wave wide
Its comfort for others to share! once quench it, what help is left?

The oil of your lamp is your son: I shine while Muléykeh lives.
Would I beg your son to cheer my dark if Muléykeh died?
It is life against life: what good avails to the life-bereft?''

Another year, and—hist! What craft is it Duhl designs?
He alights not at the door of the tent as he did last time,
But, creeping behind, he gropes his stealthy way by the trench
Half-round till he finds the flap in the folding, for night combines
With the robber—and such is he: Duhl, covetous up to crime,
Must wring from Hóseyn's grasp the Pearl, by whatever the wrench.

''He was hunger-bitten, I heard: I tempted with half my store,
And a gibe was all my thanks. Is he generous like Spring dew?
Account the fault to me who chaffered with such an one!
He has killed, to feast chance comers, the creature he rode: nay, more—
For a couple of singing-girls his robe has he torn in two:
I will beg! Yet I nowise gained by the tale of my wife and son.

" I swear by the Holy House, my head will I never wash
Till I filch his Pearl away. Fair dealing I tried, then guile,
And now I resort to force. He said we must live or die:
Let him die, then,—let me live! Be bold—but not too rash!
I have found me a peeping-place: breast, bury your breathing while
I explore for myself! Now, breathe! He deceived me not, the spy!

" As he said—there lies in peace Hóseyn—how happy! Beside
Stands tethered the Pearl: thrice winds her headstall about his wrist:
'Tis therefore he sleeps so sound—the moon through the roof reveals.
And, loose on his left, stands too that other, known far and wide,
Buhéyseh, her sister born: fleet is she yet ever missed
The winning tail's fire-flash a-stream past the thunderous heels.

" No less she stands saddled and bridled, this second, in case some thief
Should enter and seize and fly with the first, as I mean to do.
What then? The Pearl is the Pearl: once mount her we both escape."
Through the skirt-fold in glides Duhl,—so a serpent disturbs no leaf

MULÉYKEH

In a bush as he parts the twigs entwining a nest: clean through
He is noiselessly at his work: as he planned, he performs the rape.

He has set the tent-door wide, has buckled the girth, has clipped
The headstall away from the wrist he leaves thrice bound as before,
He springs on the Pearl, is launched on the desert like bolt from bow.
Up starts our plundered man: from his breast though the heart be ripped,
Yet his mind has the mastery: behold, in a minute more,
He is out and off and away on Buhéyseh, whose worth we know!

And Hóseyn—his blood turns flame, he has learned long since to ride,
And Buhéyseh does her part,—they gain—they are gaining fast
On the fugitive pair, and Duhl has Ed-Dárraj to cross and quit,
And to reach the ridge El-Sabán,—no safety till that he spied!
And Buhéyseh is, bound by bound, but a horse-length off at last,
For the Pearl has missed the tap of the heel, the touch of the bit.

She shortens her stride, she chafes at her rider the strange and queer:
Buhéyseh is mad with hope—beat sister she shall and must
Though Duhl, of the hand and heel so clumsy, she has to thank.
She is near now, nose by tail—they are neck by croup—joy! fear!
What folly makes Hóseyn shout "Dog Duhl, Damned son of the Dust,
Touch the right ear and press with your foot my Pearl's left flank!"

And Duhl was wise at the word, and Muléykeh as prompt perceived
Who was urging redoubled pace, and to hear him was to obey,
And a leap indeed gave she, and evanished for evermore.
And Hóseyn looked one loñg last look as who all bereaved,
Looks, fain to follow the dead so far as the living may:
Then he turned Buhéyseh's neck slow homeward, weeping sore.

And, lo in the sunrise, still sat Hóseyn upon the ground
Weeping: and neighbours came, the tribesmen of Bénu-Asád
In the vale of green Er-Rass, and they questioned him of his grief;
And he told from first to last how, serpent-like, Duhl had wound

His way to the nest, and how Duhl rode like an ape, so bad!
And how Buhéyseh did wonders, yet Pearl remained with the thief.

And they jeered him, one and all: "Poor Hóseyn is crazed past hope!
How else had he wrought himself his ruin, in fortune's spite?
To have simply held the tongue were a task for a boy or girl,
And here were Muléykeh again, the eyed like an antelope,
The child of his heart by day, the wife of his breast by night!"—
"And the beaten in speed!" wept Hóseyn: "You never have loved my Pearl."

Robert Browning.

BAVIECA

The King looked on him kindly, as on a vassal true;
Then to the King Ruy Diaz spake, after reverence due:
"O King, the thing is shameful, that any man beside
The liege lord of Castile himself should Bavieca ride:

"For neither Spain nor Araby could another charger bring
So good as he, and certes, the best befits my king.
But that you may behold him, and know him to the core,
I'll make him go as he was wont when his nostrils smelt the Moor.

With that, the Cid, clad as he was in mantle furred and wide,
On Bavieca vaulting, put the rowel in his side;
And up and down, and round and round, so fierce was his career,
Streamed like a pennon on the wind Ruy Diaz' minivere.

And all that saw them praised them,—they lauded man and horse,
As matched well, and rivalless for gallantry and force;
Ne'er had they looked on horseman might to this knight come near,
Nor on other charger worthy of such a cavalier.

BAVIECA

Thus, to and fro a-rushing, the fierce and furious steed,
He snapped in twain his hither rein;—" God pity now the Cid!
God pity Diaz!" cried the lords;—but when they looked again,
They saw Ruy Diaz ruling him with the fragment of his rein;
They saw him proudly ruling, with gesture firm and calm,
Like a true lord commanding, and obeyed as by a lamb.

And so he lead him foaming and panting to the King;—
But " No!" said Don Alphonso, " It were a shameful thing
That peerless Bavieca should ever be bestrid
By any mortal but Bivar,—mount, mount again, my Cid!"

Trans. from the Spanish by John Gibson Lockhart.

MAZEPPA

'Twas after dread Pultowa's day,
When fortune left the royal Swede,
Around a slaughter'd army lay,
No more to combat and to bleed.

* * * * * *

A band of chiefs!—alas, how few,
Since but the fleeting of a day
Had thinn'd it; but this wreck was true
And chivalrous: upon the clay
Each sate him down, all sad and mute,
Beside his monarch and his steed,
For danger levels man and brute,
And all are fellows in their need.
Among the rest, Mazeppa made
His pillow in an old oak's shade—
Himself as rough, and scarce less old,
The Ukraine's Hetman, calm and bold;
But first, outspent with this long course,
The Cossack prince rubb'd down his horse,

* * * * * *

Prepared and spread his meagre stock;
And to the monarch and his men
The whole or portion offer'd then;

* * * * * *

And Charles of this his slender share
With smiles partook a moment there,
To force of cheer a greater show,
And seem above both wounds and woe;—
And then he said—' Of all our band,
Though firm of heart and strong of hand,
In skirmish, march, or forage, none
Can less have said or more have done
Than thee, Mazeppa! On the earth
So fit a pair had never birth,
Since Alexander's days till now,
As thy Bucephalus and thou;
All Scythia's fame to thine should yield
For pricking on o'er flood and field.'
Mazeppa answer'd,—' Ill betide
The school wherein I learn'd to ride!'
Quoth Charles,—' Old Hetman, wherefore so
Since thou hast learn'd the art so well?'
Mazeppa said—' 'Twere long to tell;

* * * * * *

And sire, your limbs have need of rest,
And I will be the sentinel
Of this your troop.'—' But I request,'
Said Sweden's monarch, ' thou wilt tell
This tale of thine, and I may reap,
Perchance, from this the boon of sleep;
For at this moment from my eyes
The hope of present slumber flies.'
'Well, sire, with such a hope I'll track
My seventy years of memory back:

* * * * * *

I was a goodly stripling then:

* * * * * * *

I loved, and was beloved again—

* * * * * * *

We met in secret, and the hour
Which led me to that lady's bower
Was fiery Expectation's dower.

* * * * * * *

For lovers there are many eyes,

* * * * * * *

And one fair night, some lurking spies
Surprised and seized us both.
(Her lord) was something more than wroth—

* * * * * * *

"Bring forth the horse!" The horse was brought;
In truth, he was a noble steed,
A Tartar of the Ukraine breed,
Who look'd as though the speed of thought
Were in his limbs; but he was wild,
Wild as the wild deer, and untaught,
With spur and bridle undefiled—
'Twas but a day he had been caught;
And snorting, with erected mane,
And struggling fiercely, but in vain,
In the full foam of wrath and dread
To me the desert-born was led:
They bound me on, that menial throng,
Upon his back with many a thong,
Then loosed him with a sudden lash—
Away!—away—and on we dash!—

Torrents less rapid and less rash.
Away!—away!—my breath was gone—
I saw not where he hurried on:
'Twas scarcely yet the break of day,
And on he foam'd—away!—away!—

* * * * * *

They little thought that day of pain,
When launch'd, as on the lightning's flash,
They bade me to destruction dash,
That one day I should come again,
With twice five thousand horse, to thank
The Count for his uncourteous ride.

* * * * * *

There is not of that castle-gate,
Its drawbridge and portcullis weight,
Stone, bar, moat, bridge, or barrier left;
Nor of its fields a blade of grass,
Save what grows on a ridge of wall,
Where stood the hearthstone of the hall;
And many a time ye there might pass,
Nor dream that e'er that fortress was:
I saw its turrets in a blaze,
Their crackling battlements all cleft,
And the hot lead pour down like rain
From off the scorch'd and blackening roof,
Whose thickness was not vengeance-proof.

* * * * * *

Away, away, my steed and I,
Upon the pinions of the wind,
All human dwellings left behind;
We sped like meteors through the sky,

MAZEPPA

When with its crackling sound the night
Is chequer'd with the northern light;
Town—village—none were on our track,
But a wild plain of far extent,
And bounded by a forest black;
And, save the scarce seen battlement
On distant heights of some strong hold,
Against the Tartars built of old,
No trace of man. The year before
A Turkish army had march'd o'er;
And where the Spahi's hoof hath trod,
The verdure flies the bloody sod;—
The sky was dull, and dim, and grey,

* * * * * *

And fast we fled, away, away,—

* * * * * *

And my cold sweat-drops fell like rain
Upon the courser's bristling mane;
But, snorting still with rage and fear,
He flew upon his far career;
At times I almost thought, indeed,
He must have slacken'd in his speed;
But no—my bound and slender frame
Was nothing to his angry might,
And merely like a spur became:
Each motion which I made to free
My swoll'n limbs from their agony
Increased his fury and affright:
I tried my voice—'twas faint and low,
But yet he swerved as from a blow;

And, starting to each accent, sprang
As from a sudden trumpet's clang;
Meantime my cords were wet with gore,
Which, oozing through my limbs, ran o'er:
And in my tongue the thirst became
A something fierier far than flame.

We near'd the wild wood—'twas so wide,
I saw no bounds on either side;

* * * * * *

'Twas a wild waste of underwood,
And here and there a chestnut stood,
The strong oak, and the hardy pine;
But far apart—and well it were,
Or else a different lot were mine—
The boughs gave way, and did not tear
My limbs; and I found strength to bear
My wounds, already scarr'd with cold—
My bonds forbade to loose my hold.
We rustled through the leaves like wind,
Left shrubs, and trees, and wolves behind;
By night I heard them on the track,
Their troop came hard upon our back,
With their long gallop, which can tire
The hound's deep hate and hunter's fire:
Where'er we flew they follow'd on,
Nor left us with the morning sun;
Behind I saw them, scarce a rood,
At daybreak winding through the wood,
And through the night had heard their feet
Their stealing, rustling step repeat.

Oh! how I wish'd for spear or sword,
At least to die amidst the horde,
And perish—if it must be so—
At bay, destroying many a foe.
When first my courser's race begun,
I wish'd the goal already won;
But now I doubted strength and speed.
Vain doubt! his swift and savage breed
Had nerved him like the mountain roe;
Nor faster falls the blinding snow
Which whelms the peasant near the door
Whose threshold he shall cross no more,
Bewilder'd with the dazzling blast,
Than through the forest-paths he pass'd—
Untired, untamed, and worse than wild;

* * * * * *

The wood was pass'd; 'twas more than noon,
But chill the air, although in June;
Or it might be my veins ran cold—
Prolong'd endurance tames the bold;

* * * * * *

What marvel if this worn-out trunk
Beneath its woes a moment sunk?
The earth gave way, the skies roll'd round,
I seem'd to sink upon the ground;

* * * * * *

Methought the dash of waves was nigh;
There was a gleam, too, of the sky

Studded with stars;—it is no dream;
The wild horse swims the wilder stream!
The bright, broad river's gushing tide
Sweeps, winding onward, far and wide,
And we are half-way, struggling o'er
To yon unknown and silent shore.
The waters broke my hollow trance,
And with a temporary strength
My stiffen'd limbs were rebaptized.
My courser's broad breast proudly braves,
And dashes off the ascending waves,
And onward we advance!
We reach the slippery shore at length,
A haven I but little prized,
For all behind was dark and drear,
And all before was night and fear.
How many hours of night or day
In those suspended pangs I lay,
I could not tell; I scarcely knew
If this were human breath I drew.

With glossy skin, and dripping mane,
And reeling limbs, and reeking flank,
The wild steed's sinewy nerves still strain
Up the repelling bank.
We gain the top; a boundless plain
Spreads through the shadow of the night,
And onward, onward, onward seems,
Like precipices in our dreams,
To stretch beyond the sight;
And here and there a speck of white,

Or scatter'd spot of dusky green,
In masses broke into the light,
As rose the moon upon my right:
But nought distinctly seen.

* * * * * *

Onward we went, but slack and slow;
His savage force at length o'er spent,
The drooping courser, faint and low,
Or feebly foaming went.
A sickly infant had had power
To guide him forward in that hour;
But useless all to me:
His new-born tameness nought avail'd,
My limbs were bound; my force had fail'd,
Perchance, had they been free.
With feeble effort still I tried
To rend the bonds so starkly tied—
But still it was in vain;
My limbs were only wrung the more,
And soon the idle strife gave o'er,
Which but prolong'd their pain:
The dizzy race seem'd almost done,
Although no goal was nearly won:
Some streaks announced the coming sun—
How slow, alas, he came!
Methought that mist of dawning grey,
Would never dapple into day;
How heavily it roll'd away—
Before the eastern flame
Rose crimson, and deposed the stars,
And call'd the radiance from their cars,

And fill'd the earth, from his deep throne,
With lonely lustre, all his own.

Up rose the sun: the mists were curl'd
Back from the solitary world
Which lay around—behind—before;
What booted it to traverse o'er
Plain, forest, river? Man nor brute,
Nor dint of hoof, nor print of foot,
Lay in the wild luxuriant soil;
No sign of travel—none of toil;
The very air was mute;
And not an insect's shrill small horn,
Nor matin bird's new voice was borne
From herb nor thicket. Many a werst,
Panting as if his heart would burst,
The weary brute still stagger'd on;
And still we were—or seem'd—alone:
At length, while reeling on our way,
Methought I heard a courser neigh,
From out yon tuft of blackening firs.
Is it the wind those branches stirs?
No, no! from out the forest prance
A trampling troop; I see them come!
In one vast squadron they advance!
I strove to cry—my lips were dumb.
The steeds rush on in plunging pride;
But where are they the reins to guide?
A thousand horse—and none to ride!
With flowing tail, and flying mane,
Wide nostrils—never stretch'd by pain,
Mouths bloodless to the bit or rein,

And feet that iron never shod,
And flanks unscarr'd by spur or rod,
A thousand horse, the wild, the free,
Like waves that follow o'er the sea,
Came thickly thundering on,
As if our faint approach to meet;
The sight re-nerved my courser's feet,
A moment staggering, feebly fleet,
A moment, with a faint low neigh,
He answer'd, and then fell;
With gasps and glazing eyes he lay,
And reeking limbs immovable,
His first and last career is done!
On came the troop—they saw him stoop,
They saw me strangely bound along
His back with many a bloody thong:
They stop—they start—they snuff the air,
Gallop a moment here and there,
Approach, retire, wheel round and round,
Then plunging back with sudden bound,
Headed by one black mighty steed,
Who seem'd the patriarch of his breed,
Without a single speck or hair
Of white upon his shaggy hide;
They snort—they foam—neigh—swerve aside,
And backward to the forest fly,
By instinct, from a human eye.—
They left me there to my despair,
Link'd to the dead and stiffening wretch,
Whose lifeless limbs beneath me stretch,
Relieved from that unwonted weight,
From whence I could not extricate

Nor him, nor me;—and there we lay,
The dying on the dead!
I little deem'd another day
Would see my houseless, helpless head.

* * * * * * *

I woke—Where was I?—Do I see
A human face look down on me?

* * * * * * *

A slender girl, long-hair'd, and tall,
Sate watching by the cottage wall;

* * * * * * *

She came with mother and with sire—
What need of more!—I will not tire
With long recital of the rest
Since I became the Cossack's guest.
They found me senseless on the plain—
They bore me to the nearest hut—
They brought me into life again—
Me—one day o'er their realm to reign!
Thus the vain fool who strove to glut
His rage, refining on my pain,
Sent me forth to the wilderness,
Bound, naked, bleeding, and alone,
To pass the desert to a throne.—

* * * * * * *

"Comrades, good night!" The Hetman threw
His length beneath the oak-tree shade,
With leafy couch already made,
A bed nor comfortless nor new

MAZEPPA

To him, who took his rest whene'er
The hour arrived, no matter where:
His eyes the hastening slumbers steep
And if ye marvel Charles forgot
To thank his tale, *he* wonder'd not—
The king had been an hour asleep.

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron.

CHIQUITA

Beautiful! Sir, you may say so. Thar isn't her match in the county.
Is thar, old gal,—Chiquita, my darling, my beauty?
Feel of that neck, sir,—thar's velvet! Whoa! steady—ah, will you, you vixen!
Whoa! I say. Jack, trot her out; let the gentleman look at her paces.

Morgan!—she ain't nothing else, and I've got the papers to prove it.
Sired by Chippewa Chief, and twelve hundred dollars won't buy her.
Briggs of Tuolomne owned her. Did you know Briggs of Tuolumne?
Busted hisself in White Pine, and blew out his brains down in 'Frisco?

Hedn't no savey, hed Briggs. Thar, Jack! that'll do,—quit that foolin'!
Nothin' to what she kin do, when she's got her work cut out before her.
Hosses is hosses, you know, and likewise, too, jockeys is jockeys:
And 'tain't ev'ry man as can ride as knows what a hoss has got in him.

CHIQUITA

Know the old ford on the Fork, that nearly got Flanigan's leaders?
Nasty in daylight, you bet, and a mighty rough ford in low water!
Well, it ain't six weeks ago that me and the Jedge and his nevey
Struck for that ford in the night, in the rain, and the water all round us;

Up to our flanks in the gulch, and Rattlesnake Creek just a-bilin',
Not a plank left in the dam, and nary a bridge on the river.
I had the grey, and the Jedge has his roan, and his nevey, Chiquita;
And after us trundled the rocks jest loosed from the top of the cañon.

Lickity, lickity, switch, we came to the ford, and Chiquita
Buckled right down to her work, and, afore I could yell to her rider,
Took water jest at the ford, and there was the Jedge and me standing,
And twelve hundred dollars of hoss-flesh afloat, and a-driftin' to thunder!

Would ye b'lieve it? That night that hoss, that 'ar filly, Chiquita,
Walked herself into her stall, and stood there, all quiet and dripping:

CHIQUITA

Clean as a beaver or rat, with nary a buckle of harness,
Just as she swam the Fork,—that hoss, that ar' filly,
Chiquita.

That's what I call a hoss! and—What did you say?—
Oh, the nevey?
Drownded, I reckon,—leastways, he never kem back to
deny it.
Ye see the derned fool had no seat; ye couldn't have
made him a rider;
And then, ye know, boys will be boys, and hosses—well,
hosses is hosses!

Bret Harte.

Four things greater than all things are,—
Women and Horses and Power and War.

Rudyard Kipling.

AN ARAB SHEIK

From the painting by Shreyer

EL-AZREK

My only sequin served to bribe
A cunning mother of the tribe
To Mariam's mind my plan to bring.
A feather of the wild dove's wing,
A lock of raven gloss and stain
Sheared from El-Azrek's flowing mane,
And that pale flower whose fragrant cup
Is closed until the moon comes up,—
But then a tenderer beauty holds
Than any flower the sun unfolds,—
Declared my purpose. Her reply
Let loose the winds of ecstasy:
Two roses and the moonlight flower
Told the acceptance, and the hour,—
Two daily suns to waste their glow,
And then, at moonrise, bliss—or woe.

El-Azrek now, on whom alone
The burden of our fate was thrown,
Claimed from my hands a double meed
Of careful training for the deed.
I gave him of my choicest store,—
No guest was ever honored more.
With flesh of kid, with whitest bread
And dates of Egypt was he fed;
The camel's heavy udders gave
Their frothy juice his thirst to lave:
A charger, groomed with better care,
The Sultan never rode to prayer.

My burning hope, my torturing fear,
I breathed in his sagacious ear;
Caressed him as a brother might,
Implored his utmost speed in flight,
Hung on his neck with many a vow,
And kissed the white star on his brow.
His large and lustrous eyeball sent
A look which made me confident,
As if in me some doubt he spied,
And met it with a human pride.
" Enough, I trust thee. 'Tis the hour,
And I have need of all thy power.
Without a wing, God gives thee wings,
And fortune to thy forelock clings."

The yellow moon was rising large
Above the Desert's dusky marge,
And save the jackal's whining moan,
And distant camel's gurgling groan,
And the lamenting monotone
Of winds that breathe their vain desire
And on the lonely sands expire,
A silent charm, a breathless spell,
Waited with me beside the well.
She is not there,—not yet,—but soon
A white robe glimmers in the moon.
Her little footsteps make no sound
On the soft sand; and with a bound,
Where terror, doubt, and love unite
To blind her heart to all but flight,
Trembling, and panting, and oppressed,
She threw herself upon my breast.

By Allah! like a bath of flame
The seething blood tumultuous came
From life's hot center as I drew
Her mouth to mine: our spirits grew
Together in one long, long kiss,—
One swooning, speechless pulse of bliss,
That throbbing from the heart's core, met
In the united lips. Oh, yet
The eternal sweetness of that draught
Renews the thirst with which I quaffed
Love's virgin vintage: starry fire
Leapt from the twilights of desire,
And in the golden dawn of dreams
The space grew warm with radiant beams,
Which from that kiss streamed o'er a sea
Of rapture, in whose bosom we
Sank down and sank eternally.

Now nerve thy limbs, El-Azrek! Fling
Thy head aloft, and like a wing
Spread on the wind thy cloudy mane!
The hunt is up, their stallions strain
The urgent shoulders close behind,
And the wide nostril drinks the wind.
But thou art, too, of Nedjid's breed,
My brother! and the falcon's speed
Slant down the storm's advancing line
Would laggard be if matched with thine.
Still leaping forward, whistling through
The moonlight-laden air we flew;
And from the distance threateningly,
Came the pursuer's eager cry.

EL-AZREK

Still forward, forward, stretched our flight
Through the long hours of middle night;
One after one the followers lagg'd,
And even my faithful 'Azrek flagged,
Beneath his double burden, till
The streaks of dawn began to fill
The East, and freshening in the race,
Their goaded horses gained apace.
I drew my dagger, cut the girth,
Tumbled my saddle to the earth,
And clasped with desperate energies
My stallion's sides with iron knees;
While Mariam, clinging to my breast,
The closer for that peril pressed.
They come! They come! Their shouts we hear,
Now faint and far, now fierce and near.
O brave El-Azrek! on the track
Let not one fainting sinew slack,
Or know thine agony of flight
Endured in vain! The purple light
Of breaking morn has come at last.
O joy! the thirty leagues are past;
And, gleaming in the sunrise, see,
The white tents of the Aneyzee!
The warriors of the waste, the foes
Of Shekh Abdallah's tribe, are those
Whose shelter and support I claim,
Which they bestow in Allah's name;
While, wheeling back, the baffled few
No longer venture to pursue.

Bayard Taylor.

LOCHINVAR

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide border his steed was the best;
And save his good broadsword, he weapons had none,
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late;
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all:
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
"Oh come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied;
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide;
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland, more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

LOCHINVAR

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace:
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whispered, "'Twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;

LOCHINVAR

There was racing and chasing, on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

Sir Walter Scott.

THE KING OF DENMARK'S RIDE

Word was brought to the Danish king
(Hurry!)
That the love of his heart lay suffering,
And pined for the comfort his voice would bring:
(Oh! ride as though you were flying!)
Better he loves each golden curl
On the brow of that Scandinavian girl
Than his rich crown jewels of ruby and pearl:
And his rose of the isles is dying!

Thirty nobles saddled with speed:
(Hurry!)
Each one mounting a gallant steed
Which he kept for battle and days of need;
(Oh! ride as though you were flying!)
Spurs were struck in the foaming flank;
Worn-out chargers staggered and sank;
Bridles were slackened and girths were burst;
But ride as they would, the king rode first,
For his rose of the isles lay dying!

His nobles are beaten, one by one;
(Hurry!)
They have fainted, and faltered, and homeward gone;
His little fair page now follows alone,
For strength and for courage trying!

THE KING OF DENMARK'S RIDE

The king looked back at that faithful child;
Wan was the face that answering smiled;
They passed the drawbridge with clattering din,
Then he dropped; and only the king rode in
Where his rose of the isles lay dying!

The king blew a blast on his bugle horn;
(Silence!)
No answer came; but faint and forlorn
An echo returned on the cold grey morn,
Like the breath of a spirit sighing.
The castle portal stood grimly wide;
None wélcomed the king from that weary ride;
For dead, in the light of the dawning day,
The pale sweet form of the welcomer lay,
Who had yearned for his voice while dying!

The panting steed, with a drooping crest,
Stood weary,
The king returned from her chamber of rest,
The thick sobs choking in his breast;
And, that dumb companion eying,
The tears gushed forth which he strove to check;
He bowed his head on his charger's neck:
"O steed—that every nerve didst strain,
Dear steed, our ride hath been in vain
To the halls where my love lay dying!"

Caroline Norton.

KIT CARSON'S RIDE

Run? Run? See this flank, sir, and I do love him so!
But he's blind as a badger. Whoa, Pache, boy, whoa.
No, you wouldn't believe it to look at his eyes,
But he's blind, badger blind, and it happen'd this wise:

We lay in the grass and the sunburnt clover
That spread on the ground like a great brown cover
Northward and southward, and west and away
To the Brazos, where our lodges lay,
One broad and unbroken level of brown.
We were waiting the curtains of night to come down
To cover us trio and conceal our flight
With my brown bride, won from an Indian town
That lay in the rear the full ride of a night.

We lounged in the grass—her eyes were in mine,
And her hands on my knee, and her hair was as wine
In its wealth and its flood, pouring on and all over
Her bosom wine red, and press'd never by one.
Her touch was as warm as the tinge of the clover
Burnt brown as it reach'd to the kiss of the sun.
Her words they were low as the lute-throated dove,
And as laden with love as the heart when it beats
In its hot, eager answer to earliest love,
Or the bee hurried home by its burthen of sweets.

KIT CARSON'S RIDE

We lay low in the grass on the broad plain levels,
Old Revels and I, and my stolen brown bride;
" Forty full miles if a foot to ride!
Forty full miles if a foot, and the devils
Of red Comanches are hot on the track
When once they strike it. Let the sun go down
Soon, very soon," muttered bearded old Revels
As he peer'd at the sun, lying low on his back,
Holding fast to his lasso. Then he jerked at his steed
And he sprang to his feet, and glanced swiftly around,
And then dropp'd, as if shot, with an ear to the ground;
Then again to his feet, and to me, to my bride,
While his eyes were like flame, his face like a shroud,
His form like a king, and his beard like a cloud,
And his voice loud and shrill, as both trumpet and reed,—
" Pull, pull in your lassoes, and bridle to steed,
And speed you if ever for life you would speed.
Aye, ride for your lives, for your lives you must ride!
For the plain is aflame, the prairie on fire,
And the feet of wild horses hard flying before
I hear like a sea breaking high on the shore,
While the buffalo come like a surge of the sea,
Driven far by the flame, driving fast on us three
As a hurricane comes, crushing palms in his ire."

We drew in the lassoes, seized saddle and rein,
Threw them on, cinched them on, cinched them over again,
And again drew the girth; and spring we to horse,
With head to the Brazos, with a sound in the air

Like the surge of a sea, with a flash in the eye,
From that red wall of flame reaching up to the sky;
A red wall of flame and a black rolling sea
Rushing fast upon us, as the wind sweeping free
And afar from the desert blown hollow and hoarse.

Not a word, not a wail from a lip was let fall,
We broke not a whisper, we breathed not a prayer,
There was work to be done, there was death in the air,
And the chance was as one to a thousand for all.

Twenty miles! . . . thirty miles! . . . a dim distant
speck . . .
Then a long reaching line, and the Brazos in sight!
And I rose in my seat with a shout of delight.
I stood in my stirrup and look'd to my right—
But Revels was gone; I glanced by my shoulder
And saw his horse stagger; I saw his head drooping
Hard down on his breast, and his naked breast stooping
Low down to the mane, as so swifter and bolder
Ran reaching out for us the red-footed fire.
He rode neck to neck with a buffalo bull,
That made the earth shake where he came in his course,
The monarch of millions, with shaggy mane full
Of smoke and of dust, and it shook with desire
Of battle, with rage and with bellowing hoarse.
His keen, crooked horns, through the storm of his mane,
Like black lances lifted and lifted again.
And I looked but this once, for the fire licked through,
And Revels was gone as we rode two and two.

" I look'd to my left then—and nose, neck and shoulder
Sank slowly, sank surely, till back to my thighs,
And up through the black blowing veil of her hair
Did beam full in mine her two marvelous eyes.
With a longing and love yet a look of despair
And of pity for me, as she felt the smoke fold her,
And flames leaping far for her glorious hair.
Her sinking horse falter'd, plunged, fell and was gone
As I reached through the flame and I bore her still on.
On! into the Brazos, she, Pache and I—
Poor, burnt, blinded Pache. I love him . . .
That's why.

Joaquin Miller.

THE ROMANCE OF BRITOMARTE

I'll tell you a story: but pass the "jack,"
And let us make merry to-night, my men.
Aye, those were the days when my beard was black—
I like to remember them now and then;
Then Miles was living, and Cuthbert there—
On his lip was never a sign of down;
But I carry about some braided hair,
That has not yet changed from the glossy brown
That it show'd the day when I broke the heart
Of the bravest of destriers, "Britomarte."

Sir Hugh was slain (may his soul find grace!)
In the fray that was neither lost nor won
At Edgehill—then to St. Hubert's Chase
Lord Goring despatch'd a garrison—
But men and horses were ill to spare,
And ere long the soldiers were shifted fast.
As for me, I never was quartered there
Till Marston Moor had been lost; at last,
As luck would have it, alone and late
In the night, I rode to the northern gate.

THE ROMANCE OF BRITOMARTE

I thought, as I pass'd through the moonlit park,
  On the boyish days I used to spend
In the halls of the knight lying stiff and stark—
  Thought on his lady, my father's friend
(Mine, too, in spite of my sinister bar,
  But with that my story has naught to do);
She died the winter before the war—
  Died giving birth to the baby Hugh.
He pass'd ere the green leaves clothed the bough,
And the orphan girl was the heiress now.

When I was a rude and a reckless boy,
  And she a brave and beautiful child,
I was her page, her playmate, her toy;
  I have crown'd her hair with the field-flowers wild,
Cowslip and crow-foot, and colt's-foot bright;
  I have carried her miles when the woods were wet,
I have read her romances of dame and knight;
  She was my princess, my pride, my pet.
There was then this proverb us twain between,
For the glory of God and of Gwendoline.

She had grown to a maiden wonderful fair,
  But for years I had scarcely seen her face.
Now, with troopers Holdsworth, Huntly, and Clare,
  Old Miles kept guard at St. Hubert's Chase,
And the chatelaine was a Mistress Ruth,
  Sir Hugh's half-sister, an ancient dame;
But a mettlesome soul had she forsooth,
  As she show'd when the time of her trial came.
I bore despatches to Miles and to her
To warn them against the bands of Kerr.

And mine would have been a perilous ride
With the rebel horsemen—we knew not where
They were scattered over that country side,—
If it had not been for my brave brown mare.
She was iron-sinew'd and satin-skinn'd,
Ribb'd like a drum and limb'd like a deer,
Fierce as the fire and fleet as the wind;
There was nothing she couldn't climb or clear.
Rich lords had vex'd me, in vain, to part,
For their gold and silver, with Britomarte.

Next morn we muster'd scarce half a score
With the serving men, who were poorly arm'd;
Five soldiers, counting myself, no more;
And a culverin, which might well have harm'd
Us, had we used it, but not our foes—
When, with horses and foot, to our doors they came,
And a psalm-singer summon'd us (through his nose),
And deliver'd—"This, in the people's name,
Unto whoso holdeth this fortress here,
Surrender! or bide the siege—John Kerr."

'Twas a mansion built in a style too new,
A castle by courtesy—he lied
Who called it a fortress, yet, 'tis true,
It had been indifferently fortified;
We were well provided with bolt and bar;
And while I hurried to place our men,
Old Miles was called to a council of war
With Mistress Ruth and with her, and when
They had argued loudly and long, those three,
They sent, as a last resource, for me.

In the chair of state sat erect Dame Ruth:
  She had cast aside her embroidery:
She had been a beauty, they say, in her youth,
  There was much fierce fire in her bold black eye.
"Am I deceived in you both?" quoth she.
  "If one spark of her father's spirit lives
In this girl here—so, this Leigh, Ralph Leigh,
  Let us hear what counsel the springald gives."
Then I stammer'd, somewhat taken aback—
(Simon, you ale-swiller, pass the "jack").

The dame wax'd hotter—"Speak out, lad, say,
  Must we fall in that canting caitiff's power?
Shall we yield to a knave and a turncoat? Nay,
  I had liever leap from our topmost tower.
For a while we can surely await relief:
  Our walls are high and our doors are strong."
This Kerr was indeed a canting thief—
  I know not rightly, some private wrong
He had done Sir Hugh, but I know this much,
Traitor or turncoat he suffered as such.

Quoth Miles, "Enough! your will shall be done;
  Relief may arrive by the merest chance,
But your house ere dusk will be lost and won;
  They have got three pieces of ordnance."
Then I cried, "Lord Guy, with four troops of horse,
  Even now is biding at Westbrooke town;
If a rider could break through the rebel force,
  He would bring relief ere the sun goes down;
Through the postern door could I make one dart,
I could baffle them all upon Britomarte."

Miles mutter'd " Madness!" Dame Ruth look'd grave,
Said " True, though we cannot keep one hour
The courtyard, no, nor the stables save,
They will have to batter piecemeal the tower,
And thus——" But suddenly she halted there.
With a shining hand on my shoulder laid,
Stood Gwendoline. She had left her chair,
And, " Nay, if it needs must be done," she said,
" Ralph Leigh will gladly do it, I ween,
For the glory of God and of Gwendoline."

I had undertaken a heavier task
For a lighter word. I saddled with care,
Nor cumber'd myself with corselet nor casque
(Being loth to burden the brave brown mare).
Young Clare kept watch on the wall—he cried,
" Now, haste, Ralph! this is the time to seize;
The rebels are round us on every side,
But here they straggle by twos and threes."
Then out I led her, and up I sprung,
And the postern door on its hinges swung.

I had drawn this sword—you may draw it and feel,
For this is the blade that I bore that day—
There's a notch even now on the long grey steel,
A nick that has never been rasp'd away.
I bow'd my head and I buried my spurs,
One bound brought the gliding green beneath;
I could tell by her back-flung, flatten'd ears,
She had fairly taken the bit in her teeth—
(What, Jack, have you drain'd your namesake dry,
Left nothing to quench the thirst of a fly?)

These things are done, and are done with, lad,
In far less time than your talker tells.
The sward with their hoof-strokes shook like mad,
And rang with their carbines and petronels;
And they shouted, " Cross him and cut him off,"
"Surround him," "Seize him," "Capture the clown,
Or kill him," " Shall he escape to scoff
In your faces?" " Shoot him or cut him down."
And their bullets whistled on every side:
Many were near us and more were wide.

Not a bullet told upon Britomarte;
Suddenly snorting, she launched along;
So the osprey dives where the seagulls dart,
So the falcon swoops where the kestrels throng;
And full in my front one pistol flash'd,
And right in my path their sergeant got.
How our jack-boots jarr'd, how our stirrups clash'd,
While the mare like a meteor past him shot;
But I clove his skull with a backstroke clean,
For the glory of God and of Gwendoline.

And, as one whom the fierce wind storms in the face
With spikes of hail and with splinters of rain,
I, while we fled through St. Hubert's Chase,
Bent till my cheek was amongst her mane.
To the north full a league of the deer-park lay,
Smooth, springy turf, and she fairly flew,
And the sound of their hoof-strokes died away,
And their far shots faint in the distance grew.
Loudly I laughed, having won the start,
At the folly of following Britomarte.

They had posted a guard at the northern gate—
  Some dozen of pikemen and musketeers.
To the tall park palings I turn'd her straight;
  She veer'd in her flight as the swallow veers.
And some blew matches and some drew swords,
  And one of them wildly hurl'd his pike,
But she clear'd by inches the oaken boards,
  And she carried me yards beyond the dyke;
Then gaily over the long green down
We gallop'd, heading for Westbrooke town.

The green down slopes to the great grey moor,
  The grey moor sinks to the gleaming Skelt—
Sudden and sullen, and swift and sure,
  The whirling water was round my belt.
She breasted the bank with a savage snort,
  And a backward glance of her bloodshot eye,
And Our Lady of Andover's flashed like thought,
  And flitted St. Agatha's nunnery,
And the firs at The Ferngrove fled on the right,
And Falconer's Tower on the left took flight.

And over the Ravenswold we raced—
  We rounded the hill by The Hermit's Well—
We burst on the Westbrooke Bridge—"What haste?
  What errand?" shouted the sentinel.
"To Beelzebub with the Brewer's knave."
  "*Carolus Rex* and he of the Rhine!"
Galloping past him, I got and gave
  In the gallop password and countersign,
All soak'd with water and soil'd with mud,
With the sleeve of my jerkin half drench'd in blood.

Now, Heaven be praised that I found him there—
  Lord Guy. He said, having heard my tale,
" Leigh, let my own man look to your mare,
  Rest and recruit with our wine and ale;
But first must our surgeon attend to you;
  You are somewhat shrewdly stricken, no doubt."
Then he snatched a horn from the wall and blew,
  Making " Boot and Saddle" ring sharply out.
" Have I done good service this day?" quoth I.
" Then I will ride back in your troop, Lord Guy."

In the street I heard how the trumpets peal'd,
  And I caught the gleam of a morion
From the window—then to the door I reel'd;
  I had lost more blood than I reckon'd upon;
He eyed me calmly with keen grey eyes—
  Stern grey eyes of a steel-blue grey—
Said, " The wilful man can never be wise,
  Nathless the wilful must have his way."
And he pour'd from a flagon some fiery wine,
I drain'd it and straightway strength was mine.

* * * * * * * * *

I was with them all the way on the brown—
  " Guy to the rescue!" " God and the king!"
We were just in time, for the doors were down;
  And didn't our sword-blades rasp and ring?
And didn't we hew, and didn't we hack?
  The sport scarce lasted minutes ten—
(Aye, those were the days when my beard was black;
  I like to remember them now and then)—
Though they fought like fiends, we were four to one,
And we captured those that refused to run.

We have not forgotten it, Cuthbert, boy!
That supper scene when the lamps were lit;
How the women (some of them) sobbed for joy,
How the soldiers drank the deeper for it;
How the dame did honours, and Gwendoline,
How grandly she glided into the hall,
How she stoop'd with the grace of a girlish queen,
And kiss'd me gravely before them all;
And the stern Lord Guy, how gaily he laugh'd,
Till more of his cup was spilt than quaff'd.

Brown Britomarte lay dead in her straw
Next morning—we buried her—brave old girl!
John Kerr, we tried him by martial law,
And we twisted some hemp for the trait'rous churl;
And she—I met her alone—said she,
"You have risk'd your life, you have lost your mare,
And what can I give in return, Ralph Leigh?"
I replied, "One braid of that bright brown hair."
And with that she bowed her beautiful head,
"You can take as much as you choose," she said.

And I took it—it may be, more than enough—
And I shore it rudely, close to the roots.
The wine or wounds may have made me rough,
And men at the bottom are merely brutes.
Three weeks I slept at St. Hubert's Chase;
When I woke from the fever of wounds and wine
I could scarce believe that the ghastly face
That the glass reflected was really mine.
I sought the hall—where a wedding *had been*—
The wedding of Guy and of Gwendoline.

THE ROMANCE OF BRITOMARTE

The romance of a grizzled old trooper's life
  May make you laugh in your sleeves; laugh out,
Lads; we have most of us seen some strife;
  We have all of us had some sport, no doubt.
I have won some honour and gain'd some gold,
  Now that our king returns to his own;
If the pulses beat slow, if the blood runs cold,
  And if friends have faded and loves have flown,
Then the greater reason is ours to drink,
And the more we swallow the less we shall think.

At the battle of Naseby, Miles was slain,
  And Huntly sank from his wounds that week;
We left young Clare upon Worcester plain—
  How the "Ironside" gash'd his girlish cheek.
Aye, strut, and swagger, and ruffle anew,
  Gay gallants, now that the war is done!
They fought like fiends (give the fiend his due)—
  We fought like fops, it was thus they won.
Holdsworth is living for aught I know,
At least he was living two years ago.

And Guy—Lord Guy—so stately and stern,
  He is changed, I met him at Winchester;
He has grown quite gloomy and taciturn.
  Gwendoline!—why do you ask for her?
Died, as her mother had died before—
  Died giving birth to the baby Guy!
Did my voice shake? Then am I fool the more.
  Sooner or later we all must die:
But, at least, let us live while we live to-night,
The *days* may be dark, but the *lamps* are bright.

THE ROMANCE OF BRITOMARTE

For to me the sunlight seems worn and wan:
  The sun, he is losing his splendour now—
He can never shine as of old he shone
  On her glorious hair and glittering brow.
Ah! those *days that were*, when my beard was black,
  Now I have only the *nights that are.*
What, landlord, ho! bring in haste burnt sack,
  And a flask of your fiercest usquebaugh.
You, Cuthbert! surely you know by heart
The story of *her* and of Britomarte.

Adam Lindsay Gordon.

A horse! a horse! My kingdom for a horse!

William Shakespeare.

DRAGON EN VEDETTE

From the painting by Meissonier

THE BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST

Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat;
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the ends of the earth!

Kamal is out with twenty men to raise the Border side,
And he has lifted the Colonel's mare that is the Colonel's pride:
He has lifted her out of the stable-door between the dawn and the day,
And turned the calkins upon her feet, and ridden her far away.
Then up and spoke the Colonel's son that led a troop of the Guides:
"Is there never a man of all my men can say where Kamal hides?"
Then up and spoke Mahommed Khan, the son of the Ressaldar,
"If ye know the track of the morning-mist, ye know where his pickets are.

At dusk he harries the Abazai—at dawn he is into Bonair,
But he must go by Fort Bukloh to his own place to fare,
So if ye gallop to Fort Bukloh as fast as a bird can fly,
By the favour of God ye may cut him off ere he win to the Tongue of Jagai,
But if he be passed the Tongue of Jagai, right swiftly turn ye then,
For the length and the breadth of that grisly plain is sown with Kamal's men.
There is rock to the left, and rock to the right, and low lean thorn between,
And ye may hear a breech-bolt snick where never a man is seen."
The Colonel's son has taken a horse, and a raw rough dun was he,
With the mouth of a bell and the heart of Hell, and the head of the gallows-tree.
The Colonel's son to the Fort has won, they bid him stay to eat—
Who rides at the tail of a Border thief, he sits not long at his meat.
He's up and away from Fort Bukloh as fast as he can fly,
Till he was aware of his father's mare in the gut of the Tongue of Jagai,
Till he was aware of his father's mare with Kamal upon her back,
And when he could spy the white of her eye, he made the pistol crack.

He has fired once, he has fired twice, but the whistling ball went wide.
"Ye shoot like a soldier," Kamal said. "Show now if ye can ride."
It's up and over the Tongue of Jagai, as blown dust-devils go,
The dun he fled like a stag of ten, but the mare like a barren doe.
The dun he leaned against the bit and slugged his head above,
But the red mare played with the snaffle-bars, as a maiden plays with a glove.
There was rock to the left and rock to the right, and low lean thorn between,
And thrice he heard a breech-bolt snick tho' never a man was seen.
They have ridden the low moon out of the sky, their hoofs drum up the dawn,
The dun he went like a wounded bull, but the mare like a new-roused fawn.
The dun he fell at a water-course—in a woful heap fell he,
And Kamal has turned the red mare back, and pulled the rider free.
He has knocked the pistol out of his hand—small room was there to strive,
"'Twas only by favour of mine," quoth he, "ye rode so long alive:
There was not a rock for twenty mile, there was not a clump of tree,
But covered a man of my own men with his rifle cocked on his knee.

If I had raised my bridle hand, as I have held it low,
The little jackals that flee so fast, were feasting all in a row:
If I had bowed my head on my breast, as I have held it high,
The kite that whistles above us now were gorged till she could not fly."
Lightly answered the Colonel's son:—"Do good to bird and beast,
But count who come for the broken meats before thou makest a feast.
If there should follow a thousand swords to carry my bones away,
Belike the price of a jackal's meal were more than a thief could pay.
They will feed their horse on the standing crop, their men on the garnered grain,
The thatch of the byres will serve their fires when all the cattle are slain.
But if thou thinkest the price be fair,—thy brethren wait to sup,
The hound is kin to the jackal-spawn,—howl, dog, and call them up!"
And if thou thinkest the price be high, in steer and gear and stack,
Give me my father's mare again, and I'll fight my own way back!"
Kamal has gripped him by the hand and set him upon his feet.
"No talk shall be of dogs," said he, "when wolf and grey wolf meet.

May I eat dirt if thou hast hurt of me in deed or breath;
What dam of lances brought thee forth to jest at the dawn with Death?''
Lightly answered the Colonel's son: '' I hold by the blood of my clan:
Take up the mare for my father's gift—by God, she has carried a man!''
The red mare ran to the Colonel's son, and nuzzled against his breast,
'' We be two strong men,'' said Kamal then, '' but she loveth the younger best.
So she shall go with a lifter's dower, my turquoise-studded rein,
My broidered saddle and saddle-cloth, and silver stirrups twain.''
The Colonel's son a pistol drew and held it muzzle-end,
'' Ye have taken the one from a foe,'' said he; '' will ye take the mate from a friend?''
'' A gift for a gift,'' said Kamal straight; '' a limb for the risk of a limb.
Thy father has sent his son to me, I'll send my son to him!''
With that he whistled his only son, that dropped from a mountain-crest—
He trod the ling like a buck in spring, and he looked like a lance in rest.
'' Now here is thy master,'' Kamal said, '' who leads a troop of the Guides,
And thou must ride at his left side as shield on shoulder rides.

Till Death or I cut loose the tie, at camp and board and bed,
Thy life is his—thy fate it is to guard him with thy head.
So thou must eat the White Queen's meat, and all her foes are thine,
And thou must harry thy father's hold for the peace of the Border-line,
And thou must make a trooper tough and hack thy way to power—
Belike they will raise thee to Ressaldar when I am hanged in Peshawur."
They have looked each other between the eyes, and there they found no fault,
They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on leavened bread and salt:
They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on fire and fresh cut sod,
On the hilt and the haft of the Khyber knife, and the Wondrous Names of God.
The Colonel's son he rides the mare and Kamal's boy the dun,
And two have come back to Fort Bukloh where there went forth but one.
And when they drew to the Quarter-Guard, full twenty swords flew clear—
There was not a man but carried his feud with the blood of the mountaineer.
"Ha' done! ha' done!" said the Colonel's son. "Put up the steel at your sides!
Last night ye had struck at a Border thief—to-night 'tis a man of the Guides."

THE BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST

Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the two shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat;
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the ends of the earth.

Rudyard Kipling.

THE LEAP OF ROUSHAN BEG

Mounted on Kyrat strong and fleet,
His chestnut steed with four white feet,
Roushan Beg, called Kurroglou,
Son of the road and bandit chief,
Seeking refuge and relief,
Up the mountain pathway flew.

Such was Kyrat's wondrous speed,
Never yet could any steed
Reach the dust-cloud in his course.
More than maiden, more than wife,
More than gold, and next to life,
Roushan the Robber loved his horse.

In the land that lies beyond
Erzeroum and Trebizond,
Garden-girt his fortress stood;
Plundered khan, or caravan
Journeying north from Koordistan,
Gave him wealth and wine and food.

Seven hundred and fourscore
Men at arms his livery wore,
Did his bidding night and day.
Now, through regions all unknown,
He was wandering, lost, alone,
Seeking without guide his way.

THE LEAP OF ROUSHAN BEG

Suddenly the pathway ends,
Sheer the precipice descends,
  Loud the torrents roar unseen;
Thirty feet from side to side
Yawns the chasm; on air must ride
  He who crosses this ravine.

Following close in his pursuit,
At the precipice's foot,
  Reyhan the Arab of Arfah
Halted with his hundred men,
Shouting upward from the glen,
  "La Illáh illa Alláh!"

Gently Roushan Beg caressed
Kyrat's forehead, neck and breast;
  Kissed him upon both his eyes;
Sang to him in his wild way,
As upon the topmost spray
  Sings a bird before it flies.

"O my Kyrat, O my steed,
Round and slender as a reed,
  Carry me this peril through!
Satin housings shall be thine,
Shoes of gold, O Kyrat mine,
  O thou soul of Kurroglou!

"Soft thy skin as silken skein,
Soft as woman's hair thy mane,

Tender are thine eyes and true;
All thy hoofs like ivory shine,
Polished bright; O, life of mine,
Leap, and rescue Kurroglou!''

Kyrat, then, the strong and fleet,
Drew together his four white feet,
Paused a moment on the verge,
Measured with his eye the space,
And into the air's embrace
Leaped as leaps the ocean surge.

As the ocean surge o'er sand
Bears a swimmer safe to land,
Kyrat safe his rider bore;
Rattling down the deep abyss
Fragments of the precipice
Rolled like pebbles on a shore.

Roushan's tasselled cap of red
Trembled not upon his head,
Careless sat he and upright;
Neither hand nor bridle shook,
Nor his head he turned to look,
As he galloped out of sight.

Flash of harness in the air,
Seen a moment like the glare
Of a sword drawn from its sheath;
Thus the phantom horseman passed,
And the shadow that he cast
Leaped the cataract underneath.

THE LEAP OF ROUSHAN BEG

Reyhan the Arab held his breath
While this vision of life and death
Passed above him. "Allahu!"
Cried he, "In all Koordistan
Lives there not so brave a man
As this Robber, Kurroglou!"

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in 'Seventy-five:
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry-arch
Of the North Church tower, as a signal-light,—
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country-folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said good-night, and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The "Somerset," British man-of-war:
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon, like a prison bar,
And a huge, black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack-door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed to the tower of the Old North Church,
Up the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade,—
Up the trembling ladder, slender and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the quiet town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the church-yard, lay the dead
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent

On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay,—
A line of black, that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride,
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed on the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.

And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height,
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed that flies fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the oceantides,
And under the alders that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock,
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river-fog,
That rises when the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of the birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket ball.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

You know the rest. In the books you have read
How the British regulars fired and fled,—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farmyard-wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm,—
A cry of defiance, and not of fear,—
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo for evermore!

For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness, and peril, and need,
The people will waken to listen and hear
The hurrying hoof-beat of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through.
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime,
So, Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE NEWS

At Aershot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray.

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track:
And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance;
And the thick, heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix,"—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE NEWS

" How they'll greet us!"—and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or
good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is—friends flocking round
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from
Ghent.

Robert Browning.

FROM THE WRECK

Turn out, boys''—'' What's up with our super to-night?
The man's mad—Two hours to daybreak I'd swear—
Stark mad—why, there isn't a glimmer of light.''
'' Take Bolingbroke, Alec, give Jack the young mare;
Look sharp! A large vessel lies jamm'd on the reef,
And many on board still, and some wash'd on shore.
Ride straight with the news—they may send some relief
From the township; and we—we can do little more.
You, Alec, you know the near cuts; you can cross
' The Sugarloaf' ford with a scramble, I think;
Don't spare the blood filly, nor yet the black horse;
Should the wind rise, God help them! the ship will soon sink.
Old Peter's away down the paddock, to drive
The nags to the stockyard as fast as he can—
A life and death matter; so, lads, look alive.''
Half-dress'd in the dark, to the stockyard we ran.

There was bridling with hurry, and saddling with haste,
Confusion and cursing for lack of a moon;
'' Be quick with these buckles, we've no time to waste;''
'' Mind the mare, she can use her hind legs to some tune.''

FROM THE WRECK

" Make sure of the crossing-place; strike the old track,
They've fenced off the new one; look out for the holes
On the wombat hill." " Down with the slip rails; stand back."
" And ride, boys, the pair of you, ride for your souls."

In the low branches heavily laden with dew,
In the long grasses spoiling with deadwood that day,
Where the blackwood, the box, and the bastard oak grew,
Between the tall gum-trees we gallop'd away—
We crash'd through a brush fence, we splash'd through a swamp—
We steered for the north near " The Eaglehawk's Nest"—

We bore to the left, just beyond " The Red Camp,"
And round the black tea-tree belt wheel'd to the west—
We cross'd a low range sickly scented with musk
From wattle-tree blossom—we skirted a marsh—
Then the dawn faintly dappled with orange the dusk,
And peal'd overhead the jay's laughter note harsh,
And shot the first sunstreak behind us, and soon
The dim dewy uplands were dreamy with light;
And full on our left flash'd " The Reedy Lagoon,"
And sharply " The Sugarloaf" rear'd on our right.

FROM THE WRECK

A smother'd curse broke through the bushman's brown beard,
He turn'd in his saddle, his brick-colour'd cheek
Flush'd feebly with sundawn, said, "Just what I fear'd;
Last fortnight's late rainfall has flooded the creek."

Black Bolingbroke snorted, and stood on the brink
One instant, then deep in the dark, sluggish swirl
Plunged headlong. I saw the horse suddenly sink,
Till round the man's armpits the waves seem'd to curl.
We follow'd,—one cold shock, and deeper we sank
Than they did, and twice tried the landing in vain;
The third struggle won it; straight up the steep bank
We stagger'd, then out on the skirts of the plain.

The stockrider, Alec, at starting had got
The lead, and had kept it throughout; 'twas his boast
That through thickest of scrub he could steer like a shot,
And the black horse was counted the best on the coast.
The mare had been awkward enough in the dark,
She was eager and headstrong, and barely half broke;
She had had me too close to a big stringy-bark,
And had made a near thing of a crooked sheoak.

But now on the open, lit up by the morn,
She flung the white foam-flakes from nostril to neck,
And chased him—I hatless, with shirt sleeves all torn
(For he may ride ragged who rides from a wreck)—

And faster and faster across the wide heath
We rode till we raced. Then I gave her her head,
And she—stretching out with the bit in her teeth—
She caught him, outpaced him and passed him and led.

We neared the new fence; we were wide of the track;
I look'd right and left—she had never been tried
At a stiff leap. 'Twas little he cared on the black.
"You're more than a mile from the gateway," he cried.
I hung to her head, touched her flank with the spurs
(In the red streak of rail not the ghost of a gap);
She shortened her long stroke, she pricked her sharp ears,
She flung it behind her with hardly a rap—
I saw the post quiver where Bolingbroke struck,
And guessed that the pace we had come the last mile
Had blown him a bit (he could jump like a buck).
We galloped more steadily then for a while.

The heath was soon pass'd, in the dim distance lay
The mountain. The sun was just clearing the tips
Of the ranges to eastward. The mare—could she stay?
She was bred very nearly as clean as Eclipse;
She led, and as oft as he came to her side, —
She took the bit free and untiring as yet;
Her neck was arched double, her nostrils were wide,
And the tips of her tapering ears nearly met—
"You're lighter than I am," said Alec at last;
"The horse is dead beat and the mare isn't blown.
She must be a good one—ride on and ride fast,
You know your way now." So I rode on alone.

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FROM THE WRECK

Still galloping forward we pass'd the two flocks
At M'Intyre's hut and M'Allister's hill—
She was galloping strong at the Warrigal Rocks—
On the Wallaby Range she was galloping still—
And over the wasteland and under the wood,
By down and by dale, and by fell and by flat,
She gallop'd, and here in the stirrups I stood
To ease her, and there in the saddle I sat
To steer her. We suddenly struck the red loam
Of the track near the troughs—then she reeled on the rise—
From her crest to her croup covered over with foam,
And blood-red her nostrils and bloodshot her eyes,
A dip in the dell where the wattle fire bloomed—
A bend round a bank that had shut out the view—
Large framed in the mild light the mountain had loomed,
With a tall, purple peak bursting out from the blue.

I pull'd her together, I press'd her, and she
Shot down the decline to the Company's yard,
And on by the paddocks, yet under my knee
I could feel her heart thumping the saddle-flaps hard.
Yet a mile and another, and now we were near
The goal, and the fields and the farms flitted past;
And 'twixt the two fences I turned with a cheer,
For a green, grass-fed mare 'twas a far thing and fast;
And labourers, roused by her galloping hoofs,
Saw bare-headed rider and foam-sheeted steed;
And shone the white walls and the slate-coloured roofs
Of the township. I steadied her then—I had need—

FROM THE WRECK

Where stood the old chapel (where stands the new
church—
Since chapels to churches have changed in that
town).
A short, sidelong stagger, a long, forward lurch,
A slight choking sob, and the mare had gone down.
I slipp'd off the bridle, I slackened the girth,
I ran on and left her and told them my news;
I saw her soon afterwards. What was she worth?
How much for her hide? She had never worn shoes.

Adam Lindsay Gordon.

CONROY'S GAP

This way the way of it, don't you know—
Ryan was "wanted" for stealing sheep,
And never a trooper, high or low,
Could find him—catch a weasel asleep!
Till Trooper Scott, from the Stockman's Ford—
A bushman, too, as I've heard them tell—
Chanced to find him drunk as a lord,
Round at the Shadow of Death Hotel.

D'you know the place? It's a wayside inn,
A low grog-shanty—a bushman trap,
Hiding away in its shame and sin
Under the shelter of Conroy's Gap—
Under the shade of that frowning range,
The roughest crowd that ever drew breath—
Thieves and rowdies, uncouth and strange,
Were mustered round at the Shadow of Death.

The trooper knew that his man would slide
Like a dingo pup, if he saw the chance;
And with half a start on the mountain side
Ryan would lead him a merry dance.
Drunk as he was when the trooper came,
To him that did not matter a rap—
Drunk or sober, he was the same,
The boldest rider in Conroy's Gap.

"I want you, Ryan," the trooper said,
"And listen to me, if you dare resist,
So help me heaven, I'll shoot you dead!"
He snapped the steel on his prisoner's wrist,
And Ryan, hearing the handcuffs click,
Recovered his wits as they turned to go,
For fright will sober a man as quick
As all the drugs that the doctors know.

There was a girl in that rough bar
Went by the name of Kate Carew
Quiet and shy as the bush girls are,
But ready-witted and plucky, too.
She loved this Ryan, or so they say,
And passing by, while her eyes were dim
With tears, she said in a careless way,
"The Swagman's round in the stable, Jim."

Spoken too low for the trooper's ear,
Why should she care if he heard or not?
Plenty of swagmen far and near,
And yet to Ryan it meant a lot.
That was the name of the grandest horse
In all the district from east to west
In every show ring, on every course
They always counted the Swagman best.

He was a wonder, a raking bay—
One of the grand old Snowdon strain—
One of the sort that could race and stay
With his mighty limbs and his length of rein.

CONROY'S GAP

Born and bred on the mountain side,
He could race through scrub like a kangaroo,
The girl herself on his back might ride,
And the Swagman would carry her safely through.

He would travel gaily from daylight's flush
Till after the stars hung out their lamps,
There was never his like in the open bush,
And never his match on the cattle-camps.
For faster horses might well be found
On racing tracks, or a plain's extent,
But few, if any, on broken ground
Could see the way that the Swagman went.

When this girl's father, old Jim Carew,
Was droving out on the Castlereagh
With Conroy's cattle, a wire came through
To say that his wife couldn't live the day.
And he was a hundred miles from home,
As flies the crow, with never a track,
Through plains as pathless as ocean's foam,
He mounted straight on the Swagman's back.

He left the camp by the sundown light,
And the settlers out on the Marthaguy
Awoke and heard, in the dead of night,
A single horseman hurrying by.
He crossed the Bogan at Dandaloo,
And many a mile of the silent plain
That lonely rider behind him threw
Before they settled to sleep again.

He rode all night and he steered his course
By the shining stars with a bushman's skill,
And every time that he pressed his horse
The Swagman answered him gamely still.
He neared his home as the east was bright,
The doctor met him outside the town:
"Carew! How far did you come last night?"
"A hundred miles since the sun went down."

And his wife got round, and an oath he passed,
So long as he or one of his breed
Could raise a coin, though it took their last
The Swagman never should want a feed.
And Kate Carew, when her father died,
She kept the horse and she kept him well:
The pride of the district far and wide,
He lived in style at the bush hotel.

Such was the Swagman; and Ryan knew
Nothing about could pace the crack;
Little he'd care for the man in blue
If once he got on the Swagman's back.
But how to do it? A word let fall
Gave him the hint as the girl passed by;
Nothing but "Swagman—stable-wall;
Go to the stable and mind your eye."

He caught her meaning, and quickly turned
To the trooper: "Reckon you'll gain a stripe
By arresting me, and it's easily earned;
Let's go to the stable and get my pipe,

The Swagman has it.'' So off they went,
And soon as ever they turned their backs
The girl slipped down, on some errand bent
Behind the stable, and seized an axe.

The trooper stood at the stable door
While Ryan went in quite cool and slow,
And then (the trick had been played before)
The girl outside gave the wall a blow.
Three slabs fell out of the stable wall—
'Twas done 'fore ever the trooper knew—
And Ryan, as soon as he saw them fall,
Mounted the Swagman and rushed him through.

The trooper heard the hoof-beats ring
In the stable-yard, and he slammed the gate,
But the Swagman rose with a mighty spring
At the fence, and the trooper fired too late,
As they raced away, and his shots flew wide
And Ryan no longer need care a rap,
For never a horse that was lapped in hide
Could catch the Swagman in Conroy's Gap.

And that's the story. You want to know
If Ryan came back to his Kate Carew;
Of course he should have, as stories go,
But the worst of it is, this story's true:
And in real life it's a certain rule,
Whatever poets and authors say
Of high-toned robbers and all their school,
These horsethief fellows aren't built that way.

CONROY'S GAP

Come back! Don't hope it—the slinking hound,
He sloped across to the Queensland side,
And sold the Swagman for fifty pound,
And stole the money, and more beside.
And took to drink, and by some good chance
Was killed—thrown out of a stolen trap.
And that was the end of this small romance,
The end of the story of Conroy's Gap.

A. B. Paterson.

THE SMUGGLER'S LEAP

The fire-flash shines from Reculver cliff,
And the answering light burns blue in the skiff,
And there they stand,
That smuggling band,
Some in the water and some on the sand,
Ready those contraband goods to land:
The night is dark, they are silent and still,
—At the head of the party is Smuggler Bill!

"Now lower away! come, lower away!
We must be far ere the dawn of day.
If Exciseman Gill should get scent of the prey,
And should come, and should catch us here, what would
he say?
Come, lower away, lads—once on the hill,
We'll laugh, ho! ho! at Exciseman Gill!"
The cargo's lower'd from the dark skiff's side,
And the tow-line drags the tubs through the tide,
No trick nor flam,
But your real Schiedam.
"Now mount, my merry men, mount and ride!"
Three on the crupper and one before,
And the led-horse laden with five tubs more;
But the rich point-lace,
In the oil-skin case
Of proof to guard its contents from ill
The "prime of the swag" is with Smuggler Bill!

THE SMUGGLER'S LEAP

Merrily now in a goodly row
Away and away those smugglers go,
And they laugh at Exciseman Gill, ho! ho!
When from the turn
Of the road to Herne,
Comes Gill, wide awake to the whole concern!
Exciseman Gill, in all his pride,
With his Custom-house officers all at his side!
—They were called Custom-house officers then;
There were no such things as "Preventive men."

Sauve qui peut!
That lawless crew,
Away, and away, and away they flew!
Some dropping one tub, some dropping two;—
Some gallop this way, and some gallop that,
Through Fordwich Level—o'er Sandwich Flat,
Some fly that way, and some fly this,
Like a covey of birds, when the sportsmen miss;
These in their hurry
Make for Sturry,
With Custom-house officers close in their rear,
Down Rushbourne Lane, and so by Westbere,
None of them stopping
But shooting and popping,
And many a Custom-house bullet goes slap
Through many a three-gallon tub like a tap,
And the gin spurts out
And squirts all about,
And many a heart grew sad that day
That so much good liquor was so thrown away.

THE SMUGGLER'S LEAP

Sauve qui peut!
That lawless crew,
Away, and away, and away they flew!
Some seek Whitstable—some Grove Ferry,
Spurring and whipping like madmen—very—
For the life! for the life! they ride! they ride!
And the Custom-house officers all divide,
And they gallop on after them far and wide!
All, all, save one—Exciseman Gill,—
He sticks to the skirts of Smuggler Bill!

Smuggler Bill is six feet high,
He has curling locks, and a roving eye,
He has a tongue and he has a smile
Trained the female heart to beguile,
And there is not a farmer's wife in the Isle,
From St. Nicholas quite
To the Foreland Light,
But that eye, and that tongue, and that smile will wheedle her
To have done with the Grocer and make *him* her Tea-dealer.
There is not a farmer there but he still
Buys gin and tobacco from Smuggler Bill.

Smuggler Bill rides gallant and gay
On his dapple-grey-mare, away, and away,
And he pats her neck and he seems to say,
" Follow who will, ride after who may,
In sooth he had need,
Fodder his steed,
In lieu of Lent-corn, with a Quicksilver feed;

Nor oats, nor beans, nor the best of old hay,
Will make him a match for my own dapple-grey!
Ho! ho!—ho! ho!" says Smuggler Bill—
He draws out a flask and he sips his fill,
And he laughs "Ho! ho!" at Exciseman Gill.

Down Chislett Lane, so free and so fleet
Rides Smuggler Bill, and away to Up-street;
Sarre Bridge is won—
Bill thinks it fun;
"Ho! ho! the old tub-gauging son of a gun—
His wind will be thick, and his breeks be thin,
Ere a race like this he may hope to win!"

Away, away
Goes the fleet dapple-grey,
Fresh as the breeze and free as the wind,
And Exciseman Gill lags far behind.
"*I would give my soul,*" quoth Exciseman Gill,
"For a nag that would catch that Smuggler Bill!—
No matter for blood, no matter for bone,
No matter for colour, bay, brown or roan,
So I had but one!"
A voice cried "Done!"
"Ay, dun," said Exciseman Gill, and he spied
A Custom-house officer close by his side,
On a high-trotting horse with a dun-coloured hide—
"*Devil take me,*" again quoth Exciseman Gill,
"If I had but that horse, I'd have Smuggler Bill!"

From his using such shocking expressions, it's plain
That Exciseman Gill was rather profane.
He was, it is true,
As bad as a Jew,
A sad old scoundrel as ever you knew
And he rode in his stirrups sixteen stone two.
—He'd just utter'd the words which I've mention'd to you,
When his horse coming slap on his knees with him, threw
Him head over heels, and away he flew,
And Exciseman Gill was bruised black and blue.
When he arose
His hands and his clothes
Were as filthy as could be,—he'd pitch'd on his nose,
And roll'd over and over again in the mud,
And his nose and his chin were all cover'd with blood;
Yet he screamed with passion, "I'd rather *grill*
Than not come up with that Smuggler Bill!"
—"Mount! Mount!" quoth the Custom-house officer, "get
On the back of my Dun, you'll bother him yet.
Your words are plain, though they're somewhat rough,
'Done and Done' between gentlemen's always enough!—
I'll lend you a lift—there—you're up on him—so,
He's a rum one to look at—*a devil to go!*"
Exciseman Gill
Dash'd up the hill,
And marked not, so eager was he in pursuit,
The queer Custom-house officer's queer-looking boot.

THE SMUGGLER'S LEAP

Smuggler Bill rides on amain
He slacks not girth and he draws not rein,
Yet the dapple-grey mare bounds on in vain,
For nearer now—and he hears it plain—
Sounds the tramp of a horse—" 'Tis the Gauger again!"
Smuggler Bill
Dashes round by the mill
That stands near the road upon Monkton Hill,—
" Now speed,—now speed,
My dapple-grey steed,
Thou ever, my dapple, wert good at need!
O'er Monkton Mead, and through Minster Level,
We'll baffle him yet, be he gauger or devil!
For Manston Cave, away! away!
It shall never be said that Smuggler Bill
Now speed thee, now speed thee, my good dapple-grey,
Was run down like a hare by Exciseman Gill!"
Manston Cave was Bill's abode;
A mile to the north of the Ramsgate road.
(Of late they say
It's been taken away,
That is, levell'd and filled up with chalk and clay,
By a gentleman there of the name of Day),
Thither he urges his good dapple-grey;
And the dapple-grey steed,
Still good at need,
Though her chest it pants, and her flanks they bleed,
Dashes along at the top of her speed;
But nearer and nearer Exciseman Gill
Cries, " Yield thee! now yield thee, thou Smuggler Bill!"

THE SMUGGLER'S LEAP

Smuggler Bill, he looks behind,
And he sees a Dun horse come swift as the wind,
And his nostrils smoke and his eyes they blaze
Like a couple of lamps on a yellow post-chaise!
Every shoe he has got
Appears red hot!
And sparks round his ears snap, crackle, and play,
And his tail cocks up in a very odd way;
Every hair in his mane seems a porcupine's quill,
And there on his back sits Exciseman Gill,
Crying "Yield thee! now yield thee, thou Smuggler Bill!"

Smuggler Bill from his holster drew
A large horse-pistol, of which he had two!
Made by Nock;
He pull'd back the cock
As far as he could to the back of the lock;
The trigger he touch'd, and the welkin rang
To the sound of the weapon, it made such a bang;
Smuggler Bill ne'er missed his aim,
The shot told true on the Dun—but there came
From the hole where it enter'd—not blood,—but flame;
He changed his plan,
And fired at the man;
But his second horse-pistol flashed in the pan!
And Exciseman Gill, with a hearty good will,
Made a grab at the collar of Smuggler Bill.

The dapple-grey mare made a desperate bound
When that queer Dun horse on her flank she found,
Alack! and alas! on what dangerous ground!

THE SMUGGLER'S LEAP

It's enough to make one's flesh to creep
To stand on that fearful verge, and peep
Down the rugged sides so dreadfully steep,
Where the chalk-hole yawns full sixty feet deep,
O'er which that steed took that desperate leap!
It was so dark then under the trees,
No horse in the world could tell chalk from cheese—
Down they went—o'er that terrible fall,—
Horses, Exciseman, Smuggler, and all!!

Below were found
Next day on the ground
By an elderly gentleman walking his round,
(I wouldn't have seen such a sight for a pound),
All smash'd, and dash'd, three mangled corses,
Two of them human,—the third was a horse's—
That good dapple-grey, and Exciseman Gill
Yet grasping the collar of Smuggler Bill.

But where was the Dun? that terrible Dun?
From that terrible night he was seen by none!—
There are some people think, though I am not one,
That part of the story all nonsense and fun,
But the country-folks there,
One and all declare,
When the "Crowner's' Quest" came to sit on the pair,
They heard a loud Horse-laugh up in the air!—
—If in one of the trips
Of the steam-boat Eclipse

THE SMUGGLER'S LEAP

You should go down to Margate to look at the ships,
Or to take what the bathing-room people call "Dips,"
You may hear old folks talk
Of that quarry of chalk,
Or go over—it's rather too far for a walk,
But a three shilling-drive will give you a peep
At that fearful chalk-pit—so awfully deep,
Which is call'd to this moment "The Smuggler's Leap!"
Nay more, I am told, on a moonshiny night,
If you're "plucky," and not over subject to fright,
And go and look over that chalk-pit white,
You may see, if you will,
The Ghost of old Gill
Grappling the Ghost of Smuggler Bill.
And the Ghost of the dapple-grey lying between 'em—
I'm told so—I can't say I know one who's seen 'em!

MORAL

And now, gentle Reader, one word ere we part,
Just take a friend's counsel, and lay it to heart,
Imprimis, don't smuggle!—if bent to please Beauty,
You *must* buy French lace,—purchase what has paid duty!
Don't use naughty words, in the next place,—and ne'er in
Your language adopt a bad habit of swearing!
Never say "Devil take me!"
Or "shake me!"—or "bake me!"

Or such like expressions—Remember Old Nick
To take folks at their word is remarkably quick.
Another sound maxim I'd wish you to keep,
Is, "Mind what you're after, and—Look ere you Leap!"

Above all, to my last gravest caution attend—
Never borrow a horse you don't know of a friend!!
Thomas Ingoldsby.

THE GROOM'S STORY

Ten mile in twenty minutes. 'E done it, sir. That's true.
The big bay 'orse in the further stall—the one wot's next to you.
I've seen some better 'orses; I've seldom seen a wuss,
But 'e 'olds the bloomin' record, an' that's good enough for us.

We knew as it was in 'im. 'E's thoroughbred, three part,
We bought 'im for to race 'im, but we found 'e 'ad no 'eart;
For 'e was sad and thoughtful, and amazin' dignified,
It seemed a kind o' liberty to drive 'im or to ride;

For 'e never seemed a-thinkin' of what 'e 'ad to do,
But 'is thoughts was set on 'igher things, admirin' of the view.
'E looked a puffec pictur, and a pictur 'e would stay,
'E would n't even switch 'is tail to drive the flies away.

And yet we knew 't was in 'im; we knew as 'e could fly;
But what we could n't git at was 'ow to make 'im try.
We 'd almost turned the job up, until at last one day
We got the last yard out of 'im in a most amazin' way.

THE GROOM'S STORY

It was all along o' master; which master 'as the name
Of a reg'lar true blue sportsman, an' always acts the same;
But we all 'as weaker moments, which master 'e 'ad one,
An' 'e went and bought a motor-car when motor-cars begun.

I seed it in the stable yard—it fairly turned me sick—
A greasy, wheezy engine as can neither buck or kick.
You've a screw to drive it forrard, and a screw to make it stop,
For it was foaled in a smithy stove an' bred in a blacksmith shop.

It did n't want no stable, it did n't ask no groom,
It did n't need no nothin' but a bit o' standin' room.
Just fill it up with paraffin an' it would go all day,
Which the same should be agin the law if I could 'ave my way.

Well, master took 'is motor-car, an' moted 'ere an' there,
A frightenin' the 'orses an' a poisonin' the air.
'E wore a bloomin' yachtin' cap, but Lor'! wot did 'e know,
Excep' that if you turn a screw the thing would stop or go?

An' then one day it would n't go. 'E screwed and screwed again,
But somethin' jammed, an' there 'e stuck in the mud of a country lane.
It 'urt 'is pride most cruel, but what was 'e to do?
So at last 'e bade me fetch a 'orse to pull the motor through.

This was the 'orse we fetched 'im; an' when we reached the car,
We braced 'im tight and proper to the middle of the bar,
And buckled up 'is traces and lashed them to each side,
While 'e 'eld 'is 'ead so 'aughtily, an' looked most dignified.

Not bad tempered, mind you, but kind of pained and vexed,
And 'e seemed to say, "Well, bli' me! wot will they ask me next?
I've put up with some liberties, but this caps all by far,
To be assistant engine to a crocky motor-car!"

Well, master 'e was in the car, a-fiddlin' with the gear,
And the 'orse was meditatin', and I was standin' near,
When master 'e touched somethin'—what it was we'll never know—
But it sort o' spurred the boiler up and made the engine go.

" 'Old 'ard, old gal!" says master, and " Gently then!" says I,
But an engine won't 'eed coaxin' an' it ain't no use to try;
So first 'e pulled a lever, an' then 'e turned a screw,
But the thing kept crawlin' forrard spite of all that 'e could do.

And first it went quite slowly and the 'orse went also slow,
But 'e 'ad to buck up faster when the wheels began to go;
For the car kept crowdin' on 'im and buttin' 'im along,
And in less than 'alf a minute, sir, that 'orse was goin' strong.

At first 'e walked quite dignified, an' then 'e 'ad to trot,
And then 'e tried a canter when the pace became too 'ot.
'E looked 'is very 'aughtiest, as if 'e didn't mind,
And all the time the motor-car was pushin' 'im behind.

Now, master lost 'is 'ead when 'e found 'e couldn't stop,
And 'e pulled a valve or somethin' an' somethin' else went pop,
An' somethin' else went fizzywiz, and in a flash, or less,
That blessed car was goin' like a limited express.

Master 'eld the steerin' gear, an' kept the road all right,
And away they whizzed and clattered—my aunt! it was a sight.
'E seemed the finest draught 'orse as ever lived by far.
For all the country Juggins thought 't was 'im wot pulled the car.

'E was strechin' like a gray'ound, 'e was goin' all 'e knew;
But it bumped an' shoved be'ind 'im, for all that 'e could do;
It butted 'im an' boosted 'im an' spanked 'im on a'ead,
Till 'e broke the ten-mile record, same as I already said.

Ten mile in twenty minutes! 'E done it, sir. That's true.
The only time we ever found what that 'ere 'orse could do.
Some say it was n't 'ardly fair, and the papers made a fuss,
But 'e broke the ten-mile record, and that's good enough for us.

You see that 'orse's tail, sir? You don't! No more do we,
Which really ain't surprisin', for 'e 'as no tail to see;
That engine wore it off 'im before master made it stop,
And all the road was littered like a bloomin' barber's shop.

And master? Well, it cured 'im. 'E altered from that day,
And come back to 'is 'orses in the good old-fashioned way.
And if you wants to git the sack, the quickest way by far
Is to 'int as 'ow you think 'e ought to keep a motor-car.

A. Conan Doyle.

The bell has rung. With their riders up
At the starting post they muster,
The racers stripp'd for the "Melbourne Cup,"
All gloss, and polish, and lustre;
And the course is seen, with its emerald sheen,
By the bright spring-tide renew'd,
Like a ribbon of green, stretched out between
The ranks of the multitude.
The flag is lowered. "They're off!" "They come!"
The squadron is sweeping on;
A sway in the crowd—a murmuring hum:
"They're here!" "They're past!" "They're gone!"

Adam Lindsay Gordon.

THE FAVOURITE

From a drawing by E. Craven

THE RACE OF THE YEAR

Come down to the Derby, come down to the race,
Come down to the downs with a smile on your face
In spite of the rain and the absence of sun,
There's something to see in Isonomy's son;
You'll find some good fellows and lots of good cheer,
It's always the case at the race of the year.

A wonderful sight is this wonderful course
To all who profess a regard for the horse.
Just look at the crowd from the bend of the land,
Like bees in a swarm all about the grand stand.
The roar of the voices that falls on the ear
Has a wonderful sound at the race of the year.

You've plenty of choice if you look for a nag;
See the blood-looking team come along with the drag.
Each horse, in his place as he faces the hill,
Breaks into a gallop and moves with a will.
The broken-down hunter tied up in the rear
Hears the sound of the horn at the race of the year.

But now to the paddock, the crowd is select,
Some come to be seen and some come to inspect
Two sons of St. Simon, two sons of Bend Or,
While Energy's offspring shows well to the fore;
This Gouverneur fills us with feelings of fear,
Sent over from France for the race of the year.

THE RACE OF THE YEAR

There's something uncommon (forgive me the pun)
In Alington's brown, good Isonomy's son;
They've entered the horse in the baronet's name,
But both have a share in his fall or his fame;
The favourite was bred by the Dorsetshire peer,
He looks like the nag for the race of the year.

"They're off!" at the fall of the flag, with a speed
That tries the condition of those in the lead.
They're off, in the teeth of the wind and the rain
That sweeps over Surrey's historical plain.
In passing the furzes it seems to be clear
The Deemster is out of the race of the year.

And after the Corner the shouting is loud
When Stirling's two grandsons came out of the crowd,
And Common and Gouverneur stealing away
Show the Birdcatcher line has a value to-day;
But Common comes up as the multitude cheer,
And adds to his record the race of the year.

We're proud of the Derby, we're proud of the breed
Of horses that go with such wonderful speed;
We're proud of the men who are honest and straight
In riding and racing and try to create
True sport, in the sense that is highest and dear
To England, whose pride is this race of the year.

W. Phillpotts Williams.

HOW WE BEAT THE FAVOURITE

Aye, squire," said Stevens, "they back him at evens;
The race is all over, bar shouting, they say;
The Clown ought to beat her; Dick Nelville is sweeter
Than ever—he swears he can win all the way.

"A gentleman rider—well, I'm an outsider,
But if he's a gent who the mischief's a jock?
You swells mostly blunder, Dick rides for the plunder,
He rides, too, like thunder—he sits like a rock.

"He calls 'hunted fairly' a horse that has barely
Been stripp'd for a trot within sight of the hounds,
A horse that at Warwick beat Birdlime and Yorick,
And gave Abdelkader at Aintree nine pounds.

"They say we have no test to warrant a protest;
Dick rides for a lord and stands in with a steward;
The light of their faces they show him—his case is
Prejudged and his verdict already secured.

"But none can outlast her, and few travel faster,
She strides in her work clean away from The Drag;
You hold her and sit her, she couldn't be fitter,
Whenever you hit her she'll spring like a stag.

"And p'rhaps the green jacket, at odds though they back it,
May fall, or there's no knowing what may turn up.
The mare is quite ready, sit still and ride steady,
Keep cool; and I think you may just win the cup."

Dark-brown with tan muzzle, just stripped for the tussle,
Stood Iseult, arching her neck to the curb,
A lean head and fiery, strong quarters and wiry,
A loin rather light, but a shoulder superb.

Some parting injunction, bestowed with great unction,
I tried to recall, but forgot like a dunce,
When Reginald Murray, full tilt on White Surrey,
Came down in a hurry to start us at once.

"Keep back in the yellow! Come up on Othello!
Hold hard on the chestnut! Turn round on The Drag!
Keep back there on Spartan! Back you, sir, in tartan!
So, steady there, easy," and down went the flag.

We started, and Kerr made strong running on Mermaid,
Through furrows that led to the first stake-and-bound,
The crack, half extended, look'd bloodlike and splendid,
Held wide on the right where the headland was sound.

I pulled hard to baffle her rush with the snaffle,
Before her two-thirds of the field got away
All through the wet pasture where floods of the last year
Still loitered, they clotted my crimson with clay.

HOW WE BEAT THE FAVOURITE

The fourth fence, a wattle, floor'd Monk and Blue-
bottle;
The Drag came to grief at the blackthorn and ditch,
The rails toppled over Redoubt and Red Rover,
The lane stopped Lycurgus and Leicestershire Witch.

She passed like an arrow Kildare and Cock Sparrow,
And Mantrap and Mermaid refused the stone wall;
And Giles on The Greyling came down at the paling,
And I was left sailing in front of them all.

I took them a burster, nor eased her nor nursed her
Until the Black Bullfinch led into the plough,
And through the strong bramble we bored with a
scramble—
My cap was knocked off by the hazel-tree bough.

Where furrows looked lighter I drew the rein tighter—
Her dark chest all dappled with flakes of white foam,
Her flanks mud bespattered, a weak rail she shattered—
We landed on turf with our heads turn'd for home.

Then crash'd a low binder, and then close behind her
The sward to the strokes of the favourite shook;
His rush roused her mettle, yet ever so little
She shorten'd her stride as we raced at the brook.

She rose when I hit her. I saw the stream glitter,
A wide scarlet nostril flashed close to my knee,
Between sky and water The Clown came and caught her,
The space that he cleared was a caution to see.

And forcing the running, discarding all cunning,
A length to the front went the rider in green;
A long strip of stubble, and then the big double,
Two stiff flights of rails with a quickset between.

She raced at the rasper, I felt my knees grasp her,
I found my hands give to her strain on the bit;
She rose when The Clown did—our silks as we bounded
Brush'd lightly, our stirrups crash'd loud as we lit.

A rise steeply sloping, a fence with stone coping—
The last—we diverged round the base of the hill;
His path was the nearer, his leap was the clearer,
I flogg'd up the straight, and he led sitting still.

She came to his quarter, and on still I brought her,
And up to his girth, to his breast-plate she drew;
A short prayer from Neville just reach'd me, "The devil!"
He mutter'd—lock'd level the hurdles we flew.

A hum of hoarse cheering, a dense crowd careering,
All sights seen obscurely, all shouts vaguely heard;
"The green wins!" "The crimson!" The multitude swims on.
And figures are blended and features are blurr'd.

"The horse is her master!" "The green forges past her!"
"The Clown will outlast her!" "The Clown wins!" "The Clown!"
The white railing races with all the white faces,
The chestnut outpaces, outstretches the brown.

HOW WE BEAT THE FAVOURITE

On still past the gateway she strains in the straightway,
Still struggles, "The Clown by a short neck at most,"
He swerves, the green scourges, the stand rocks and surges,
And flashes, and verges, and flits the white post.

Aye! so ends the tussle,—I knew the tan mizzle
Was first, though the ring-men were yelling "Dead heat!"
A nose I could swear by, but Clarke said, "The mare by
A short head." And that's how the favourite was beat.

Adam Lindsay Gordon.

LORRAINE, LORRAINE, LORRÈE

Are you ready for your steeple-chase, Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorrèe?
Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Baree,
You're booked to ride your capping race to-day at Coulterlee,
You're booked to ride Vindictive, for all the world to see,
To keep him straight, and keep him first, and win the run for me.
Barum, Barum, etc.

She clasped her new born baby, poor Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorrèe,
"I cannot ride Vindictive, as any man might see,
And I will not ride Vindictive, with this baby on my knee;
He's killed a boy, he's killed a man, and why must he kill me?"

"Unless you ride Vindictive, Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorrèe,
Unless you ride Vindictive to-day at Coulterlee,
And land him safe across the brook, and win the blank for me,
It's you may keep your baby, for you'll get no keep from me."

LORRAINE, LORRAINE, LORRÈE

"That husbands could be cruel," said Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorrèe,
"That husbands could be cruel, I have known for seasons three;
But oh! to ride Vindictive while a baby cries for me,
And be killed across a fence at last for all the world to see!".

She mastered young Vindictive—Oh! the gallant lass was she,
And kept him straight and won the race as near as near could be;
But he killed her at the brook against a pollard willow tree,
Oh! he killed her at the brook, the brute, for all the world to see,
And no one but the baby cried for poor Lorraine, Lorrèe.

Charles Kingsley.

THE OPEN STEEPLECHASE

I had ridden over hurdles up the country once or twice,
By the side of Snowy River with a horse they called "The Ace."
And we brought him down to Sydney, and our rider, Jimmy Rice,
Got a fall and broke his shoulder, so they nabbed me in a trice—
Me, that never wore the colours, for the Open Steeplechase.

"Make the running," said the trainer, "it's your only chance whatever,
Make it hot from start to finish, for the old black horse can stay,
And just think of how they'll take it, when they hear on Snowy River
That the country boy was plucky, and the country horse was clever,
You must ride for old Monaro and the mountain boys to-day."

THE OPEN STEEPLECHASE

" Are you ready," said the starter, as we held the horses back,
All ablazing with impatience, with excitement all aglow;
Before us like a ribbon stretched the steeple-chasing track,
And the sun-rays glistened brightly on the chestnut and the black
As the starter's words came slowly, " Are—you—ready? Go!"

Well, I scarcely knew we'd started, I was stupid like with wonder
Till the field closed up beside me and a jump appeared ahead.
And we flew it like a hurdle, not a baulk and not a blunder,
As we charged it all together, and it fairly whistled under,
And then some were pulled behind me and a few shot out and led.

So we ran for half the distance, and I'm making no pretences
When I tell you I was feeling very nervous-like and queer,
For those jockeys rode like demons; you would think they'd lost their senses
If you saw them rush their horses at those rasping five foot fences—
And in place of making running I was falling to the rear.

Till a chap came racing past me on a horse they called
" The Quiver,"
And said he, " My country joker, are you going to
give it best?
Are you frightened of the fences? does their stoutness
make you shiver?
Have they come to breeding cowards by the side of
Snowy River?
Are there riders on Monaro?"—but I never heard the
rest.

For I drove the Ace and sent him just as fast as he
could pace it,
At the big black line of timber stretching fair across
the track,
And he shot beside the Quiver. " Now," said I, " my
boy, we'll race it.
You can come with Snowy River if you're only game to
face it;
Let us mend the pace a little and we'll see who cries a
crack."

So we raced away together, and we left the others stand-
ing,
And the people cheered and shouted as we settled
down to ride,
And we clung beside the Quiver. At his taking off and
landing
I could see his scarlet nostril and his mighty ribs ex-
panding,
And the Ace stretched out in earnest and we held
him stride for stride.

But the pace was so terrific that they soon ran out their tether—
They were rolling in their gallop, they were fairly blown and beat—
But they both were game as pebbles—neither one would show the feather.
And we rushed them at the fences, and they cleared them both together,
Nearly every time they clouted but they somehow kept their feet.

Then the last jump rose before us, and they faced it game as ever—
We were both at spur and whipcord, fetching blood at every bound—
And above the people's cheering and the cries of "Ace" and "Quiver,"
I could hear the trainer shouting, "One more run for Snowy River."
Then we struck the jump together and came smashing to the ground.

Well, the Quiver ran to blazes, but the Ace stood still and waited,
Stood and waited like a statue while I scrambled on his back.
There was no one next or near me for the field was fairly slated,
So I cantered home a winner with my shoulder dislocated,
While the man that rode the Quiver followed limping down the track.

And he shook my hand and told me that in all his days he never
Met a man who rode more gamely, and our last set to was prime,
And we wired them on Monaro how we chanced to beat the Quiver.
And they sent us back an answer, "Good old sort from Snowy River;
Send us word each race you start in and we'll back you every time."

A. B. Paterson.

THE AMATEUR RIDER

Him going to ride for us! *Him*—with the pants and the eyeglass and all.
Amateur! don't he just look it—it's twenty to one on a fall.
Boss must be gone off his head to be sending our steeplechase crack
Out over fences like these with an object like that on his back.

Ride! Don't tell *me* he can ride. With his pants just as loose as balloons,
How can he sit on his horse? and his spurs like a pair of harpoons;
Ought to be under the Dog Act, he ought, and be kept off the course.
Fall! why, he'd fall off a cart, let alone off a steeplechase horse.

* * * * * * *

Yes sir! the 'orse is all ready—I wish you'd have rode him before;
Nothing like knowing your 'orse, sir, and this chap's a terror to bore;
Battleaxe always could pull, and he rushes his fences like fun—
Stands off his jump twenty feet, and then springs like a shot from a gun.

Oh, he can jump 'em all right, sir, you make no mistake, 'e's a toff;
Clouts 'em in earnest, too, sometimes, you mind that he don't clout you off—
Don't seem to mind how he hits 'em, his shins is as hard as a nail,
Sometimes you'll see the fence shake and the splinters fly up from the rail.

All you can do is to hold him and just let him jump as he likes,
Give him his head at the fences, and hang on like death if he strikes;
Don't let him run himself out—you can lie third or fourth in the race—
Until you clear the stone wall, and from that you can put on the pace.

Fell at that wall once, he did, and it gave him a regular spread,
Ever since that time he flies it—he'll stop if you pull at his head,
Just let him race—you can trust him—he'll take first-class care he don't fall,
And I think that's the lot—but remember, *he must have his head at the wall.*

* * * * * * *

Well, he's down safe as far as the start, and he seems to sit on pretty neat,
Only his baggified breeches would ruinate anyone's seat—

They're away—here they come—the first fence, and he's
head over heels for a crown!
Good for the new chum, he's over, and two of the others
are down!

Now for the treble, my hearty—By Jove, he can ride,
after all;
Whoop, that's your sort—let him fly them! He hasn't
much fear of a fall.
Who in the world would have thought it? And aren't
they just going a pace?
Little Recruit in the lead there will make it a stoutly-
run race.

Lord! But they're racing in earnest—and down goes
Recruit on his head,
Rolling clean over his boy—it's a miracle if he ain't
dead.
Battleaxe, Battleaxe yet! By the Lord, he's got most of
'em beat—
Ho! did you see how he struck, and the swell never
moved in his seat?

Second time round, and, by Jingo! he's holding his
lead of 'em well;
Hark to him clouting the timber! It don't seem to
trouble the swell.
Now for the wall—let him rush it. A thirty-foot leap,
I declare—
Never a shift in his seat, and he's racing for home like
a hare.

What's that that's chasing him—Rataplan—regular
demon to stay!
Sit down and ride for your life now! Oh, good, that's
the style—come away!
Rataplan's certain to beat you, unless you can give him
the slip;
Sit down and rub in the whalebone now—give him the
spur and the whip!

Battleaxe, Battleaxe, yet—and it's Battleaxe wins for a
crown;
Look at him rushing the fences, he wants to bring
t'other chap down.
Rataplan never will catch him if only he keep on his
pins;
Now! the last fence! and he's over it! Battleaxe,
Battleaxe wins!

* * * * * * *

Well, sir, you rode him just perfect—I knew from the
first you could ride.
Some of the chaps said you couldn't, an' I says just
like this a' one side:
Mark me, I says, that's a tradesman—the saddle is
where he was bred.
Weight! you're all right, sir, and thank you; and them
was the words that I said.

A. B. Paterson.

THE FAMOUS BALLAD OF THE JUBILEE CUP

You may lift me up in your arms, lad, and turn my face to the sun,
For a last look back at the dear old track where the Jubilee cup was won;
And draw your chair to my side, lad—no, thank ye, I feel no pain—
For I'm going out with the tide, lad; but I'll tell you the tale again.

I'm seventy-nine or nearly, and my head it has long turned gray,
But it all comes back as clearly as though it was yesterday—
The dust, and the bookies shouting around the clerk of the scales,
And the clerk of the course, and the nobs in force, and 'Is 'Ighness the Pr..nce of W.les.

'T was a nine-hole thresh to wind'ard (but none of us cared for that),
With a straight run home to the service tee, and a finish along the flat,
"Stiff?" ah, well you may say it! Spot barred, and at five stone ten!
But at two and a bisque I'd ha' run the risk; for I was a greenhorn then.

So we stripped to the B. Race signal, the old red swallowtail—
There was young Ben Bolt and the Portland Colt, and Aston Villa, and Yale;
And W. G., and Steinitz, Leander and The Saint,
And the G.rm.n Emp.r.r's Meteor, a-looking as fresh as paint;

John Roberts (scratch), and Safety Match, The Lascar, and Lorna Doone,
Oom Paul (a bye), and Romany Rye, and me upon Wooden Spoon;
And some of us cut for partners, and some of us strung for baulk,
And some of us tossed for stations—But there, what use to talk?

Three-quarter-back on the Kingsclere crack was station enough for me,
With a fresh jackyarder blowing and the Vicarage goal a-lee!
And I leaned and patted her centre-bit and eased the quid in her cheek,
With a "Soh my lass!" and a "Woa you brute!"—for she could do all but speak.

She was geared a thought too high perhaps; she was trained a trifle fine;
But she had the grand reach forward! I never saw such a line!

FAMOUS BALLAD OF THE JUBILEE CUP

Smooth-bored, clean run, from her fiddle head with its dainty ear half-cock,
Hard-bit, *pur sang*, from her overhang to the heel of her off hind sock.

Sir Robert he walked beside me as I worked her down to the mark;
" There's money on this, my lad," said he, " and most of 'em's running dark;
But ease the sheet if you're bunkered, and pack the scrummages tight,
And use your slide at the distance, and we'll drink to your health to-night!"

But I bent and tightened my stretcher. Said I to myself, said I—
" John Jones, this here is the Jubilee Cup, and you have to do or die."
And the words weren't hardly spoken when the umpire shouted " Play!"
And we all kicked off from the Gasworks End with a " Yoicks!" and a " Gone Away!"

And at first I thought of nothing, as the clay flew by in lumps,
But stuck to the old Ruy Lopez, and wondered who'd call for trumps,
And luffed her close to the cushion, and watched each one as it broke,
And in triple file up the Rowley Mile we went like a trail of smoke.

FAMOUS BALLAD OF THE JUBILEE CUP

The Lascar made the running but he didn't amount to much,
For old Oom Paul was quick on the ball, and headed it back to touch;
And the whole first flight led off with the right as The Saint took up the pace,
And drove it clean to the putting green and trumped it there with an ace.

John Roberts had given a miss in baulk, but Villa cleared with a punt;
And keeping her service hard and low the Meteor forged to the front;
With Romany Rye to windward at dormy and two to play,
And Yale close up—but a Jubilee Cup isn't run for every day.

We laid our course for the Warner—I tell you the pace was hot!
And again off Tattenham Corner a blanket covered the lot.
Check side! Check side! now steer her wide! and barely an inch of room,
With The Lascar's tail over our lee rail and brushing Leander's boom.

We were running as strong as ever—eight knots—but it couldn't last;
For the spray and the bails were flying, the whole field tailing fast;

FAMOUS BALLAD OF THE JUBILEE CUP

And the Portland Colt had shot his bolt, and Yale was bumped at the Doves,
And The Lascar resigned to Steinitz, stalemated in fifteen moves.

It was bellows to mend with Roberts—starred three for a penalty kick:
But he chalked his cue and gave 'em the butt, and Oom Paul marked the trick—
"Offside—No Ball—and at fourteen all! Mark Cock! and two for his nob!"
When W. G. ran clean through his lee and beat him twice with a lob.

He yorked him twice on a crumbling pitch and wiped his eye with a brace,
But his guy-rope split with the strain of it and he dropped back out of the race;
And I drew a bead on the Meteor's lead, and challenging none too soon,
Bent over and patted her garboard strake, and called upon Wooden Spoon.

She was all of a shiver forward, the spoondrift thick on her flanks,
But I'd brought her an easy gambit, and nursed her over the banks;
She answered her helm—the darling! and woke up now with a rush,
While the Meteor's jock, he sat like a rock—he knew we rode for his brush!

There was no one else left in it. The Saint was using his whip,
And Safety Match, with a lofting catch, was pocketed deep at slip;
And young Ben Bolt with his niblick took miss at Leander's lunge,
But topped the net with the ricochet, and Steinitz threw up the sponge.

But none of the lot could stop the rot—nay, don't ask me to stop!
The Villa had called for lemons, Oom Paul had taken his drop,
And both were kicking the referee. Poor fellow! he done his best;
But, being in doubt, he'd ruled them out—which he always did when pressed.

So inch by inch, I tightened the winch, and chucked the sand bags out—
I heard the nursery cannons pop, I heard the bookies shout:
"The Meteor wins!" "No, Wooden Spoon!" "Check!" "Vantage!" "Leg Before!"
"Last Lap!" "Pass Nap!" At his saddle-flap I put up the helm and wore.

You may overlap at the saddle-flap, and yet be loo'd on the tape:
And it all depends upon changing ends, how a seven-year-old will shape;

FAMOUS BALLAD OF THE JUBILEE CUP

It was tack and tack to the Lepe and back—a fair ding-dong to the Ridge,
And he led by his forward canvas yet as we shot 'neath Hammersmith Bridge.

He led by his forward canvas—he led from his strongest suit—
But along we went on a roaring scent, and at Fawley I gained a foot.
He fisted off with his jigger, and gave me his wash—too late!
Deuce—Vantage—Check! By neck and neck we rounded into the straight.

I could hear the "Conquering 'Ero" a-crashing on Godfrey's band,
And my hopes fell sudden to zero, just there, with the race in hand—
In sight of the Turf's Blue Ribbon, in sight of the umpire's tape,
As I felt the tack of her spinnaker c-rack! as I heard the steam escape!

Had I lost at that awful juncture my presence of mind? . . . but no!
I leaned and felt for the puncture, and plugged it there with my toe . . .
Hand over hand by the Members' Stand I lifted and eased her up,
Shot—clean and fair—to the crossbar there, and landed the Jubilee Cup!

"The odd by a head, and leg before," so the Judge he gave the word:
And the umpire shouted "Over!" but I neither spoke nor stirred.
They crowded round: for there on the ground I lay in a dead-cold swoon,
Pitched neck and crop on the turf atop of my beautiful Wooden Spoon.

Her dewlap tire was punctured, her bearings all red hot;
She'd a lolling tongue, and her bowsprit sprung, and her running gear in a knot;
And amid the sobs of her backers, Sir Robert loosened her girth
And led her away to the knacker's. She had raced her last on earth!

But I mind me well of the tear that fell from the eye of our noble Pr.nce,
And the things he said as he tucked me in bed—and I've lain there ever since;
Tho' it all gets mixed up queerly that happened before my spill,—
But I drew my thousand yearly: it'll pay for the doctor's bill.

I'm going out with the tide, lad—you'll dig me a numble grave,
And whiles you will bring your bride, lad, and your sons, if sons you have,

And there when the dews are weeping, and the echoes murmur "Peace!"
And the salt, salt tide comes creeping and covers the popping-crease;

In the hour when the ducks deposit their eggs with a boasted force,
They'll look and whisper, "How was it?" and you'll take them over the course,
And your voice will break as you try to speak of the glorious first of June,
When the Jubilee Cup, with John Jones up, was won upon Wooden Spoon.

Arthur T. Quiller-Couch.

They're running—they're running, Go hark!
Let them run on and run till it's dark!
Well with them we are, and well with them we'll be,
While there's wind in our horses and daylight to see:
Then shog along homeward, chat over the fight,
And hear in our dreams the sweet music all night
Of—They're running—they're running,
Go hark!

Charles Kingsley.

THE LITTLE RED ROVER

The dewdrop is clinging
To whin-bush and brake,
The skylark is singing
"Merrie hunters, awake."
Home to the cover
Deserted by night,
The little Red Rover
Is bending his flight.

Resounds the glad hollo;
The pack scents the prey;
Man and horse follow;
Away! Hark, away!
Away! never fearing,
Ne'er slacken your pace:
What music so cheering
As that of the chase?

The Rover still speeding,
Still distant from home,
Spurr'd flanks are bleeding,
And cover'd with foam;
Fleet limbs extended,
Roan, chestnut, or grey,
The burst, ere 'tis ended,
Shall try them to-day!

THE LITTLE RED ROVER

Well known is yon cover,
  And crag hanging o'er!
The little Red Rover
  Shall reach it no more!
The foremost hounds near him,
  His strength 'gins to droop;
In pieces they tear him,
  Who-whoop! Who-who-whoop!

R. E. Egerton Warburton.

A LEGEND OF THE COTTISWOLD

I remember the lowering wintry morn,
And the mist on the Cotswold hills,
Where I once heard the blast of the huntsman's horn,
Not far from the seven rills.
Jack Esdale was there, and Hugh St. Clair,
Bob Chapman, and Andrew Kerr,
And big George Griffiths on Devil-May-Care,
And—black Tom Oliver.
And one who rode on a dark brown steed,
Clean jointed, sinewy, spare,
With the lean game head of the Blacklock breed
And the resolute eye that loves the lead,
And the quarters massive and square—
A tower of strength, with a promise of speed
(There was Celtic blood in the pair).

I remember how merry a start we got,
When the red fox broke from the gorse,
In a country so deep, with a scent so hot,
That the hound could outpace the horse;
I remember how few in the front rank show'd,
How endless appeared the tail,
On the brown hill side, where we cross'd the road,
And headed towards the vale.

The right hand man to the left hand said,
As down in the vale we went,
"Harden your heart like a millstone, Ned,
And set your face as flint;

Solid and tall is the rasping wall
That stretches before us yonder;
You must have it at speed or not at all,
'Twere better to halt than to ponder,
For the stream runs wide on the take-off side,
And washes the clay bank under;
Here goes for a pull, 'tis a madman's ride,
And a broken neck if you blunder.''

No word in reply his comrade spoke,
Nor waver'd, nor once looked round,
But I saw him shorten his horse's stroke
As we splash'd through the marshy ground;
I remember the laugh that all the while
On his quiet features play'd:—
So he rode to his death, with that careless smile,
In the van of the '' Light Brigade,''
So stricken by Russian grape, the cheer
Rang out, while he toppled back,
From the shattered lungs as merry and clear
As it did when it roused the pack.
Let never a tear his memory stain,
Give his ashes never a sigh,
One of many who perished, *not in vain*,
As a type of our chivalry!

I remember one thrust he gave to his hat,
And two to the flanks of the brown,
And still as a statue of old he sat,
And he shot to the front, hands down;

A LEGEND OF THE COTTISWOLD

I remember the snort and the stag-like bound
  Of the steed six lengths to the fore,
And the laugh of the rider while, landing sound,
He turned in his saddle and glanced around;
  I remember—but little more,
Save a bird's-eye gleam of the dashing stream,
  A jarring thud on the wall,
A shock and the blank of a nightmare's dream—
  I was down with a stunning fall.

Adam Lindsay Gordon.

A NEW HUNTING SONG, MADE ON A FOX CHASE

Come all you Foxhunters wherever you be,
Repair to the Leven if Sportsmen you'd see
Such hounds and such horses of mettle and game;
As are worthy to be recorded in Fame.
Sing Ballinamona oro. Ballinamona oro.
Ballinamona oro, the Lads of Old Cleveland for me.

Dexter and Delver and Dido for speed,
All sprung from the Race of Charles Turner's fam'd breed,
A sportsman so rare, and the first in renown,
As witness the match over Feldom he won.

Rover and Rally and Minor likewise,
Old Spanker, so fierce the thick Cover he tries.
Matcham and Merrylass Reynard's sworn foe;
He must be unkennel'd, hark! I hear Tally O.

Now my Lads spur your Horses and smoke 'em away,
Jolly, Bacchus and Sampson will shew you some play,
Squire Hall, on his Wakefield that pampered Nag,
Comes Neck over heels, and yet of him will brag.

SONG MADE ON A FOX CHASE

Burdon, so proud of his high mettled Steeds,
And the Annals of fame record their great deeds,
Yet in hunting he's bet sore against his desire.
He sticks in the dirt and he's pass'd by the Squire.

George Baker, on Blacklegs how determined his looks,
He defies the whole field over hedge, ditch, or brooks,
He keeps him quite tight and he only desires,
A three hours chase I'll be d—— if he tires.

See thumping along goes jolly old Walker,
Whilst close at his heels lay the Gisborough Prior,
With Powder and sweat, Lord! how awfull he looks,
D—— you Matt did you mind how I leap'd yonder brook.

Watson, so fierce how he rides and so keen,
He thinks he's well mounted and sure to be in,
But if he keep running at this gallant pace,
'Tis twenty to one, he's thrown out in the Chase.

The first in the burst was Scroop on old Match'em,
Straining hard to get in Tom swore he would catch 'em
Whilst screwing along see Smith only mind him,
He's top'd the barr'd Gate leaving numbers behind him.

Yonder goes Stockdale so tight and so trim
How he strokes down his mare which he fancies so slim,
He nicks in and out 'till he's starv'd with the cold,
Go bid him but thirty and then he'll ride bold.

SONG MADE ON A FOX CHASE

Preston, so brave with his heart full of glee,
On his Gaylass well mounted as he'd wish to be,
He swears that he'll ride 'till he dies in the field,
As a true honest Sportsman he never will yield.

Coates, on his Tyrant he creeps like a snail,
He puffs and he blows, and how he rolls his Tail;
Yet a Sportsman so bold he attempts at a flyer,
Old Tyrant leaps short and he's down in the mire.

The Baronet cautious is pass'd by his Brother,
As like you would swear as one Egg's like another,
When fully intending to lead the whole field
A d—— Stell held 'em both 'till the Fox he was kill'd.

The Doctor, you scarcely know where you have him,
For sometimes he's dodging and sometimes he's dashing,
But yet to the Chase will he eagerly rush
And lose a good Patient for bold Reynard's brush.

Rowntree, a noted old Sportsman as good
Who brags of his Greytail that choise bit of Blood,
How at Stockesly so clever she won e'ery Race,
And how that she's equally fam'd for the Chace.

Flounders, the younger with Eyelids by Glass,
So prim on his Stallion and fond of his slash,
One single good run finished off the gay Quaker,
And now he's gone dumb with intent to turn speaker.

SONG MADE ON A FOX CHASE

Now our spout being over let's home without fail,
And drown those misfortunes in Punch and good Ale;
And if we're thrown out we'll draw close to the fire
And drink a good health to the Baronet and Squire.

Roxburghe Ballads.

"THE CLIPPER THAT STANDS IN THE STALL AT THE TOP"

Go strip him, lad! Now, sir, I think you'll declare
Such a picture you never set eyes on before;
He was bought in at Tatt's for three hundred I swear,
And he's worth all the money to look at, and more;
For the pick of the basket, the show of the shop,
Is the Clipper that stands in the stall at the top.

In the records of racing I read their career,
There were none of the sort but could gallop and stay;
At Newmarket his sire was the best of his year,
And the Yorkshiremen boast of his dam to this day;
But never a likelier foal did she drop
Than this Clipper that stands in the stall at the top.

A head like a snake, and a skin like a mouse,
An eye like a woman, bright, gentle, and brown,
With loins and a back that would carry a house,
And quarters to lift him smack over a town!
What's a leap to the rest, is to him but a hop,
This Clipper that stands in the stall at the top.

When the country is deepest, I give you my word
'Tis a pride and a pleasure to put him along;
O'er fallow and pasture he sweeps like a bird,
And there's nothing too wide, nor too high, nor too strong;
For the ploughs cannot choke, nor the fences can crop,
This Clipper that stands in the stall at the top.

CLIPPER THAT STANDS IN THE STALL

Last Monday we ran for an hour in the vale,
  Not a bullfinch was trimmed, of a gap not a sign!
All the ditches were double, each fence had a rail,
  And the farmers had locked every gate in the line;
So I gave him the office, and over them—Pop!
Went the Clipper that stands in the stall at the top.

I'd a lead of them all when we came to the brook,
  A big one—a bumper—and up to your chin;
As he threw it behind him, I turned for a look,
  There were eight of us had it, and seven got in!
Then he shook his lean head when he heard them go plop!
This Clipper that stands in the stall at the top.

Ere we got to the finish, I counted but few,
  And never a coat without dirt, but my own;
To the good horse I rode all the credit was due,
  When the others were tiring, he scarcely was blown;
For the best of the pace is unable to stop
The Clipper that stands in the stall at the top.

You may put on his clothes; every sportsman, they say,
  In his lifetime has one that outrivals the rest,
So the pearl of *my* casket I've shown you to-day,
  The gentlest, the gamest—the boldest, the best;
And I never will part, by a sale or a swop,
With my Clipper that stands in the stall at the top!

George John Whyte-Melville.

BOLTS

I've a head like a violin-case; I've a jaw like a piece of steel;
I've a mouth like india-rubber, and devil a bit I feel;
So I've had my fun with a biped thing that clambered upon my back,
And I'm in at the death, though I'm panting for breath, right bang in the midst of the pack.

With a cockney sportsman mounted on top,
That has hired me out for the day,
It's the moment for me to be off for a spree
In a new and original way.
In my own most original way.
Oats! but my spirits were gay!
When I betted my bit that my rider should sit
Somewhere else ere the close of the day.

I started a gentle canter; I felt him bob about,
His spurs went in, and the roots of sin, they whipped my hind legs out.
He put his arms around my neck, 'twas kindly meant, I swear,
But he had no call to spoil it all by pulling out half my hair.

BOLTS

He left his hat in a puddle, he left his whip on a gate,
The briars knew where, but I don't care, the bits of his tunic wait;
He bade me stay, I raced away, to the sound of the huntsman's horn,
And at last I laid him gently in the arms of a bold blackthorn.

The whip waits safe in the harness-room, the groom in the stable yard,
It's not that I mind a tanning—my hide's grown far too hard—
But that tied to a fly I'm safe to die, and on chaff and straw abstain,
For as sure as I snort, if they give me this sort, of course I shall do it again.

With a cockney sportsman mounted on top,
That has hired me out for the day,
It's the moment for me to be off for a spree
In a new and original way.
In my own most original way.
Oats! but my spirits were gay!
When I betted my bit that my rider should sit
Somewhere else ere the close of the day.

Anonymous.

THERE'S LIFE IN THE OLD HORSE YET

There's life in him yet, see them slowly advancing,
The shapely old hunter is leading the team
Along through the vale where the sunlight is dancing,
Along by the brook with the silvery gleam.

What loins, what a back, and what quarters behind him!
How short in the cannon, how low in the knee;
From his tapering head to his heel you will find him
A hunter all over as neat as can be.

There's life in him yet, so the carter is musing,
He looks at the old horse with pride in his face;
"He'll last me awhile with good food and good using,
He's honest and good at his work in the trace."

But hark! there is music that fills you with feeling,
The horn and the halloa are heard by the mill;
Look, yonder he goes, see him stealthily stealing,
The bonny brown fox has gone over the hill.

Yon notes of the pack, like the mingling of waters,
In musical cadence come over the lea;
The white hound is leading her sons and her daughters
All crash through the gap that is under the tree.

THERE'S LIFE IN THE OLD HORSE YET

The old horse has seen them, he hears the dull thunder
The strokes of the horses' hoofs make as they go;
One plunge in the air, and he snaps them asunder,
The traces that bind him to labour so low.

Away—see the strength of his youth is returning,
The embers yet latent are kindled to flame;
The light of his life is now brilliantly burning
As once more he adds to his record of fame.

On, on, through the cattle he goes with a rattle,
The ends of his chains make a musical song;
He warms to his work like a charger in battle,
Well up in the van see him sailing along.

The pack, how he watches them working so keenly,
He waits at the check and flies on to the cry,
He jumps the high gate in the meadow serenely,
And skims o'er the vale like a bird in the sky.

And yonder the river goes gliding and gleaming,
Look, Levity stands on the opposite bank;
From her beautiful form mark the bright water streaming,
She shakes all the silvery drops from her flank.

Away! time is precious, the moments are fleeting,
Two men and three horses are seen in the stream,
And one of them only his task is completing,
The old horse is left with the hounds, it would seem.

THERE'S LIFE IN THE OLD HORSE YET

Alone through the vale where the good pack are flying,
The air is alive with those musical sounds.
"Who-whoop!" they have got him, "Who-whoop!"
they are crying,
A farmer on foot takes the fox from the hounds.

Oh! well you may fasten the brush to his bridle,
The gallant old horse is a hero to-day;
Oh! well you may pet him and make him your idol,
As proudly he watches the hounds as they bay.

Look back, gallant steed, on a lifetime of glory,
Along the long vista of deeds in the past;
Look back, and recall it, the often told story
Of one in the hunt who was game to the last.

Look back as you sleep, with the moon on your stable,
Its light will add lustre and peace to your dream,
And when at your work, ever willing and able,
The thoughts of the past will bring life to the team.

W. Phillpotts Williams.

THE BALLAD OF HÁDJI AND THE BOAR

As I rode over the dusty waste
My dainty Arab's hoof-strokes traced
Glad rhythms in my mind,
Which seemed to murmur unto me
How he and I were lone and free
As wide Sahara's wind.

My heart beat high—the sun was bright—
And, as a beacon's startling light
Proclaims a threatening war,
My burnished lance-point met the glare
And flashed and sparkled in the air—
A pale and glancing star.

I saw a hawk pass hovering
Through the azure heights, on balanced wing;
Its shadow fell down sheer
Upon my path, then onwards sped,
Smoother than gliding skaters tread
A fastly frozen mere.

Thus heedless I, when suddenly
My Hádji broke the reverie
By stamping on the ground,
Whilst from a brake where grasses rank
Embraced the margin of a tank,
There came a rustling sound:

No long suspense;—his bloodshot eyes
Aflame with sullèn, fierce surprise—
Stepped out a grisly boar:
His gloomy aspect seemed to say—
"No other has the right to stray
Along this marsh-bound shore."

Now I had seen the life blood gush
From many a boar of nine-inch tush,
And so had Hádji too;
But never I ween had we either seen
So great a beast, so gaunt and lean,
So ugly to the view.

With others by to help at need,
Or give success applausive meed,
'Tis easy to be brave.
But when a man must do alone
Each danger seems more dismal grown;
Each petty ditch a grave.

And so—although the spear-point dropped—
As still as effigy I stopped,
Nor gave my steed the spur;
The more I looked, more gruesome grew
This king of all the swinish crew;
More prudence made demur.

But, as I hung in anguished doubt,
The marsh-born tyrant turned about,

As weary of the play;
He turned and dashed adown the glade
(No phantom now or goblin shade)
The well-known grisly gray:

And doubt no more distressed my mind;
In twenty years I'd never find
Such trophy to my lance,
For turning he had let me see
His tusks gigantic—shame 'twould be
If I had lost the chance.

I dropped my hand; when Hádji knew
The slackened rein away he flew
Across the belt of ooze;
The slim reeds rustled—till he sprang
Out on the plain whose surface rang
Beneath his iron shoes.

To left, to right, the wanton shied
At shadows, as in lusty pride
He rolled his dark fierce eye;
Or gazing at our grim pursuit
He'd lay his ears back at the brute
And snort full savagely.

As minutes came, and lived, and went,
Ever the monster backward sent
The pebbles in my face,
Yet, when an hour was spent—at length
He semed to fail in speed and strength
And nearer drew the chase.

But lo! the impetuous Rávi ran
Before us; not a means to span
Its fiercely rushing stream;
The boar sprang in—we never checked—
And followed ere the foam that flecked
His plunge had ceased to gleam.

Above our heads the yellow wave
Triumphant for an instant drave,
Then gaping gave us day;
It gave us day, and snorting loud
Bold Hádji stemmed the whirling crowd
Of surges topped with spray,

* * * * * *

But short as seemed the time we'd lost,
Long was the space of ground it cost.
Not to be covered soon;
For distant dim the monster grim
Now flitted faint against the rim
Of the uprising moon.

Yes—like a bubble filled with smoke—
The curd-white moon upswimming broke
The vacancy of space,
Whilst sinking slowly at my back
The sun breathed blood-stains on the rack
Which veiled his dying face.

On, on, again; the snow-fed flood
Had cooled the monster's heated blood,

And fresh and strong he fled:
An aged peasant crossed his path;
He turned upon him in his wrath,
And left him there for dead.

The wretch implored me to remain
And staunch his wound—but all in vain—
I laughed to see his plight;
For I was glad the boar had stayed
To wound the man, and so delayed
His headlong rapid flight.

And Hádji wearied not a whit,
For stretching free he'd take the bit
And hold it, or would fling
A foam-flake from his tossing head,
To glitter on his mane's silk thread,
Whilst ever galloping.

Ere long the arid landscape changed;
A painter's eye had gladly ranged
Amidst its varied hue;—
For far as mortal eye could reach,
As close as pebbles on the beach
Bright poppy flowers blew.

* * * * * *

The crimson of the glowing west
In fainter ruddy shadows dressed
The mounting eastern moon;
The slender-pillared palm-tree stems
Were sky-tinged too, as though from gems
Of garnet they were hewn.

BALLAD OF HÁDJI AND THE BOAR

Hádji no longer fought the hand
Which forced his fleetness to command,
Or snorted to the breeze:
His breaths were choked with piteous sobs,
And I could feel his heart's wild throbs
Between my close-set knees.

His glossy coat no longer shone
Red golden as he galloped on,
And on! without a check;
Dank sweat had rusted it to black
Save where the reins had chafed a track,
Of snow along his neck.

The deepening twilight scarce revealed
Where flights of shadowy night-birds wheeled
And shrieking greeted us,
But never should my fixèd soul
Forsake the fast-approaching goal,
For omens timorous.

The jackals woke and like a rout
Of hell-loosed fiends, their eldritch shout
Was borne upon the breeze—
Ai! Ai! Ou! Ai!—a ghoulish scream,
And yet half-human; like a dream
Of mortal agonies.

As I closed in on that evil beast
The champèd froth like creamy yeast

Bestreaked his grizzled hide;
And like a small and smould'ring brand
His eye back-glancing ever scanned
Me creeping to his side.

Ha! Ha! He turned to charge and fight;
I shouted out for pure delight,
And drove my spear-point in.
Clean through his body passed the steel—
I held him off—I made him reel—
Like chafer on a pin.

An instant so—then through the womb
Of night I galloped, and the gloom
Of jungles lone and drear;—
But I had stricken, stricken home,
For on my hand his bloody foam
Had left a purple smear.

So circling back, I peered around,
And, by the moon, too soon I found
The grisly brute at bay;
His back was to a thorny tree,
I looked at him, and he at me;—
There one of us would stay.

'Twas still as death—we charged together,
And in the dim and sightless weather
I struck him, but not true:
He seized the lance-shaft in his jaw
And split it as it were a straw,
Instead of good bamboo.

Then swift as thought the brute accursed,
Made fiercely in—at Hádji first—
Who much disdained to fly:
The little Arab shuddering stood—
Then fell—as monarchs of the wood
When cruel axes ply.

Ere I could rise, his tusk had cut
All down my back a gaping rut;—
He gashed me deep and sore:
No weapon armed me for the strife,
But rage can fight without a knife,
I sprang upon the boar.

The thorn stretched out its sable claws,
And nodded with a black applause!
With fierce sepulchral glee
Three plaintains whispered in a rank,
And clapped their fingers long and lank,
A ghostly gallery.

Above him now—then fallen beneath,
I tore him madly with my teeth,
Nor loosed my frantic hold;
One finger searched the spear-head hole
And dug there like a frightened mole
'Neath skin and fleshy fold:

I clung around his sinewy crest;
He leaped, but could not yet divest

BALLAD OF HÁDJI AND THE BOAR

Himself of his alarm.
I hung as close as keepsake locket
On maiden breast—but, from its socket,
He wrenched my bridle-arm!

No more could I, and with a curse
I yielded to a last reverse,
And dropped upon the sand.
He glower'd o'er me—then drew back
To make more headlong the attack
Which nothing should withstand.

But, even then, he chanced to pass
The spot where dying lay—alas!—
Brave Hádji—desert-born;
Not e'en that bristled front was proof
Against the Arab's armèd hoof—
His brains festooned the thorn.

Then I arose, all dripping red,
And gazed on him I oft had fed,
And wept to see him low:
No more he'd gallop in his pride—
No mortal man would e'er bestride
Poor Hádji here below.

He died amidst those jungles tangled;
I staggered on all torn and mangled,
Gasping for painful breath;
And when, beneath that placid moon,
My spirit left me in a swoon,
I'd known the worst of death.

Ian Hamilton.

Far off and ever farther still, pushed on and on,
Before the doom-foreboding rumble of the wheels
That toward the sunset roll, the great herds graze and
roam:
And ever in their midst the herder rides, and weals
With stinging lash some surly monarch of the plain,
Or drives, or holds the shaggy mob,—the sky o'erhead,
Below, wide wastes swept by the silent, ceaseless wind,
And in his ears the sounding rhythm of his horse's tread.

Lines written for this book.—Ed.

A COW PONY

From a photograph

VAQUERO

His broad-brimm'd hat push'd back with careless air,
The proud vaquero sits his steed as free
As winds that toss his black abundant hair.
No rover ever swept a lawless sea
With such a haught and heedless air as he
Who scorns the path, and bounds with swift disdain
Away, a peon born, yet born to be
A splendid king; behold him ride, and reign.

How brave he takes his herds in branding days,
On timber'd hills that belt about the plain;
He climbs, he wheels, he shouts through winding ways
Of hiding ferns and hanging fir; the rein
Is loose, the rattling spur drives swift; the mane
Blows free; the bullocks rush in storms before;
They turn with lifted heads, they rush again,
Then sudden plunge from out the wood, and pour
A cloud upon the plain with one terrific roar.

Now sweeps the tawny man on stormy steed,
His gaudy trappings toss'd about and blown
About the limbs as lithe as any reed;
The swift long lasso twirl'd above is thrown
From flying hand; the fall, the fearful groan
Of bullock toil'd and tumbled in the dust—
The black herds onward sweep, and all disown
The fallen, struggling monarch that has thrust
His tongue in rage and roll'd his red eyes in disgust.

Joaquin Miller.

THE MAN FROM SNOWY RIVER

There was movement at the station, for the word had passed around
That the colt from old Regret had got away,
And had joined the wild bush horses—he was worth a thousand pound,
So all the cracks had gathered to the fray.
All the tried and noted riders from the stations near and far
Had mustered at the homestead overnight,
For the bushmen love hard riding where the wild bush horses are,
And the stock-horse snuffs the battle with delight.

There was Harrison, who made his pile when Pardon won the cup,
The old man with his hair as white as snow;
But few could ride beside him when his blood was fairly up—
He would go wherever horse and man could go.
And Clancy of the Overflow came down to lend a hand,
No better horseman ever held the reins;
For never horse could throw him while the saddle-girths would stand,
He learnt to ride while droving on the plains.

And one was there, a stripling on a small and weedy beast,
He was something like a racehorse undersized,
With a touch of Timor pony—three parts thoroughbred at least—
And such as are by mountain horsemen prized.
He was hard and tough and wiry—just the sort that won't say die—
There was courage in his quick impatient tread;
And he bore the badge of gameness in his bright and fiery eye,
And the proud and lofty carriage of his head.

But still so slight and weedy, one would doubt his power to stay,
And the old man said, "That horse will never do
For a long and tiring gallop—lad, you'd better stop away,
Those hills are far too rough for such as you."
So he waited sad and wistful—only Clancy stood his friend—
"I think we ought to let him come," he said;
"I warrant he'll be with us when he's wanted at the end,
For both his horse and he are mountain bred."

"He hails from Snowy River, up by Kosciusko's side,
Where the hills are twice as steep and twice as rough,
Where a horse's hoofs strike firelight from the flint stones every stride,
The man that holds his own is good enough.

And the Snowy River riders on the mountains make
their home,
Where the river runs those giant hills between;
I have seen full many horsemen since I first commenced
to roam,
But nowhere yet such horsemen have I seen."

So he went—they found the horses by the big mimosa
clump—
They raced away towards the mountain's brow,
And the old man gave his orders, "Boys, go at them
from the jump,
No use to try for fancy riding now.
And Clancy, you must wheel them, try and wheel them
to the right.
Ride boldly, lad, and never fear the spills,
For never yet was rider that could keep the mob in
sight,
If once they gain the shelter of those hills."

So Clancy rode to wheel them—he was racing on the
wing
Where the best and boldest riders take their place,
And he raced his stock horse past them, and he made
the ranges ring
With the stockwhip, as he met them face to face.
Then they halted for a moment, while he swung the
dreaded lash,
But they saw their well-loved mountain full in view,
And they charged beneath the stockwhip with a sharp
and sudden dash,
And off into the mountain scrub they flew.

Then fast the horsemen followed, where the gorges deep and black
Resounded to the thunder of their tread,
And the stockwhips woke the echoes, and they fiercely answered back
From cliffs and crags that beetled overhead.
And upward, ever upward, the wild horses held their way,
Where mountain ash and kurrajong grew wide;
And the old man muttered fiercely, "We may bid the mob good day,
No man can hold them down the other side."

When they reached the mountain's summit, even Clancy took a pull,
It well might make the boldest hold their breath,
The wild hop scrub grew thickly, and the hidden ground was full
Of wombat holes, and any slip was death.
But the man from Snowy River let the pony have his head,
And he swung his stockwhip round and gave a cheer,
And he raced him down the mountain like a torrent down its bed,
While the others stood and watched in very fear.

He sent the flint stones flying, but the pony kept his feet,
He cleared the fallen timber in his stride,
And the man from Snowy River never shifted in his seat—
It was grand to see that mountain horseman ride.

Through the stringy barks and saplings, on the rough and broken ground,
Down the hillside at a racing pace he went;
And he never drew the bridle till he landed safe and sound,
At the bottom of that terrible descent.

He was right among the horses as they climbed the further hill,
And the watchers on the mountain standing mute,
Saw him ply the stockwhip fiercely, he was right among them still,
As he raced across the clearing in pursuit.
Then they lost him for a moment, where two mountain gullies met
In the ranges, but a final glimpse reveals
On a dim and distant hillside the wild horses racing yet,
With the man from Snowy River at their heels.

And he ran them single-handed till their sides were white with foam.
He followed like a bloodhound on their track,
Till they halted cowed and beaten, then he turned their heads for home,
And alone and unassisted brought them back.
But his hardy mountain pony he could scarcely raise a trot,
He was blood from hip to shoulder from the spur;
But his pluck was still undaunted, and his courage fiery hot,
For never yet was mountain horse a cur

And down by Kosciusko, where the pine-clad ridges raise
Their torn and rugged battlements on high,
Where the air is clear as crystal, and the white stars fairly blaze
At midnight in the cold and frosty sky,
And where around the Overflow the reedbeds sweep and sway
To the breezes, and the rolling plains are wide,
The man from Snowy River is a household word to-day,
And the stockmen tell the story of his ride.

A. B. Paterson.

IN THE DROVING DAYS

"Only a pound," said the auctioneer,
"Only a pound; and I'm standing here
Selling this animal, gain or loss.
Only a pound for the drover's horse;
One of the sort that was ne'er afraid,
One of the boys of the Old Brigade;
Thoroughly honest and game, I'll swear,
Only a little the worse for wear;
Plenty as bad to be seen in town,
Give me a bid and I'll knock him down;
Sold as he stands, and without recourse,
Give me a bid for the drover's horse."

Loitering there in an aimless way
Somehow I noticed the poor old grey,
Weary and battered and screwed, of course,
Yet when I noticed the old grey horse,
The rough bush saddle, and single rein
Of the bridle laid on his tangled mane,
Straightway the crowd and the auctioneer
Seemed on a sudden to disappear,
Melted away in a kind of haze,
For my heart went back to the droving days.

IN THE DROVING DAYS

Back to the road, and I crossed again
Over the miles of the saltbush plain—
The shining plain that is said to be
The dried-up bed of an inland sea,
Where the air so dry and so clear and bright
Refracts the sun with a wondrous light,
And out in the dim horizon makes
The deep blue gleam of the phantom lakes.

At dawn of day we would feel the breeze
That stirred the boughs of the sleeping trees,
And brought a breath of the fragrance rare
That comes and goes in that scented air;
For the trees and grass and the shrubs contain
A dry sweet scent on the saltbush plain.
For those that love it and understand,
The saltbush plain is a wonderland.
A wondrous country, where Nature's ways
Were revealed to me in the droving days.

We saw the fleet wild horses pass,
And the kangaroos through the Mitchell grass,
The emu ran with her frightened brood
All unmolested and unpursued.
But there rose a shout and a wild hubbub
When the dingo raced for his native scrub,
And he paid right dear for his stolen meals
With the drovers' dogs at his wretched heels.
For we ran him down at a rattling pace,
While the packhorse joined in the stirring chase.
And a wild halloo at the kill we'd raise—
We were light of heart in the droving days.

IN THE DROVING DAYS

'Twas a drover's horse, and my hand again
Made a move to close on a fancied rein.
For I felt the swing and the easy stride
Of the grand old horse that I used to ride.
In drought or plenty, in good or ill,
That same old steed was my comrade still;
The old grey horse with his honest ways
Was mate to me in the droving days.

When we kept our watch in the cold and damp,
If the cattle broke from the sleeping camp,
Over the flats and across the plain,
With my head bent down on his waving mane,
Through the boughs above and the stumps below
On the darkest night I could let him go
At a racing speed; he would choose his course,
And my life was safe with the old grey horse.
But man and horse had a favourite job,
When an outlaw broke from a station mob,
With a right good will was the stockwhip plied,
As the old horse raced at the straggler's side,
And the greenhide whip such a weal would raise,
We could use the whip in the droving days.

* * * * * * *

"Only a pound" and was this the end—
Only a pound for the drover's friend.
The drover's friend that had seen his day,
And now was worthless, and cast away
With a broken knee and a broken heart
To be flogged and starved in a hawker's cart.
Well, I made a bid for a sense of shame
And the memories dear of the good old game.

IN THE DROVING DAYS

"Thank you? Guinea! and cheap at that!
Against you there in the curly hat!
Only a guinea, and one more chance,
Down he goes if there's no advance;
Third, and the last time, one! two! three!"
And the old grey horse was knocked down to me.
And now he's wandering, fat and sleek,
On the lucerne flats by the Homestead Creek;
I dare not ride him for fear he'd fall,
But he does a journey to beat them all,
For though he scarcely a trot can raise,
He can take me back to the droving days.

A. B. Paterson.

THE SICK STOCK RIDER

Hold hard, Ned! Lift me down once more, and lay
me in the shade.
Old man, you've had your work cut out to guide
Both horses, and to hold me in the saddle when I
swayed,
All through the hot, slow, sleepy, silent ride.
The dawn at "Moorabinda" was a mist rack dull and
dense,
The sunrise was a sullen, sluggish lamp;
I was dozing in the gateway at Arbuthnot's bound'ry
fence,
I was dreaming on the Limestone cattle camp.
We crossed the creek at Carricksford, and sharply
through the haze,

And suddenly the sun shot flaming forth;
To southward lay "Katâwa," with the sankpeaks all
ablaze,
And the flush'd fields of Glen Lomond lay to north.
Now westward winds the bridle path that leads to Lin-
disfarm,
And yonder looms the double-headed Bluff;
From the far side of the first hill, when the skies are
clear and calm,
You can see Sylvester's woolshed fair enough.

THE SICK STOCK RIDER

Five miles we used to call it from our homestead to the place
Where the big tree spans the roadway like an arch;
'Twas here we ran the dingo down that gave us such a chase
Eight years ago—or was it nine?—last March.

'Twas merry in the glowing morn, among the gleaming grass,
To wander as we've wandered many a mile,
And blow the cool tobacco cloud, and watch the white wreaths pass,
Sitting loosely in the saddle all the while.
'Twas merry 'mid the blackwoods when we spied the station roofs,
To wheel the wild scrub cattle at the yard,
With a running fire of stockwhips and a fiery run of hoofs;
Oh! the hardest day was never then too hard!

Aye! we had a glorious gallop after "Starlight" and his gang,
When they bolted from Sylvester's on the flat;
How the sun-dried reed-beds crackled, how the flint-strewn ranges rang
To the strokes of "Mountaineer" and "Acrobat."
Hard behind them in the timber, harder still across the heath,
Close beside them through the tea-tree scrub we dash'd;
And the golden-tinted fern leaves, how they rustled underneath!
And the honeysuckle osiers, how they crash'd!

We led the hunt throughout, Ned, on the chestnut and the grey,
And the troopers were three hundred yards behind,
While we emptied our six-shooters on the bush-rangers at bay,
In the creek with stunted box-tree for a blind!

There you grappled with the leader, man to man and horse to horse,
And you roll'd together when the chestnut rear'd;
He blazed away and missed you in that shallow water-course—
A narrow shave—his powder singed your beard!

In these hours when life is ebbing, how those days when life was young
Come back to us; how clearly I recall
Even the yarns Jack Hall invented, and the songs Jem Roper sung!
And where are now Jem Roper and Jack Hall?

Aye! nearly all our comrades of the old colonial school,
Our ancient boon companions, Ned, are gone;
Hard livers for the most part, somewhat reckless as a rule,
It seems that you and I are left alone.

There was Hughes, who got in trouble through that business with the cards,
It matters little what become of him;
But a steer ripp'd up MacPherson in the Cooraminta yards,
And Sullivan was drown'd at Sink-or-swim;

And Mostyn—poor Frank Mostyn—died at last a fearful wreck,
In "the horrors," at the Upper Wandinong,
And Carisbrooke, the rider, at the Horsefall broke his neck,
Faith! the wonder was he saved his neck so long!

Ah! those days and nights we squandered at the Logans' in the glen—
The Logans, man and wife, have long been dead.
Elsie's tallest girl seems taller than your little Elsie then;
And Ethel is a woman grown and wed.

I've had my share of pastime, and I've done my share of toil,
And life is short—the longest life a span;
I care not now to tarry for the corn or for the oil,
Or for the wine that maketh glad the heart of man.
For good undone and gifts misspent and resolutions vain,
'Tis somewhat late to trouble. This I know—
I should live the same life over, if I had to live again;
And the chances are I go where most men go.

The deep blue skies wax dusky, and the tall green trees grow dim,
The sward beneath me seems to heave and fall;
And sickly, smoky shadows through the sleepy sunlight swim,
And on the very sun's face weave their pall.

THE SICK STOCK RIDER

Let me slumber in the hollow where the wattle blossoms wave,
With never stone or rail to fence my bed;
Should the sturdy station children pull the bush flowers on my grave,
I may chance to hear them romping overhead.

Adam Lindsay Gordon.

MAY 29 1928

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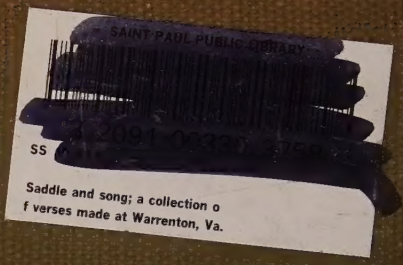
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